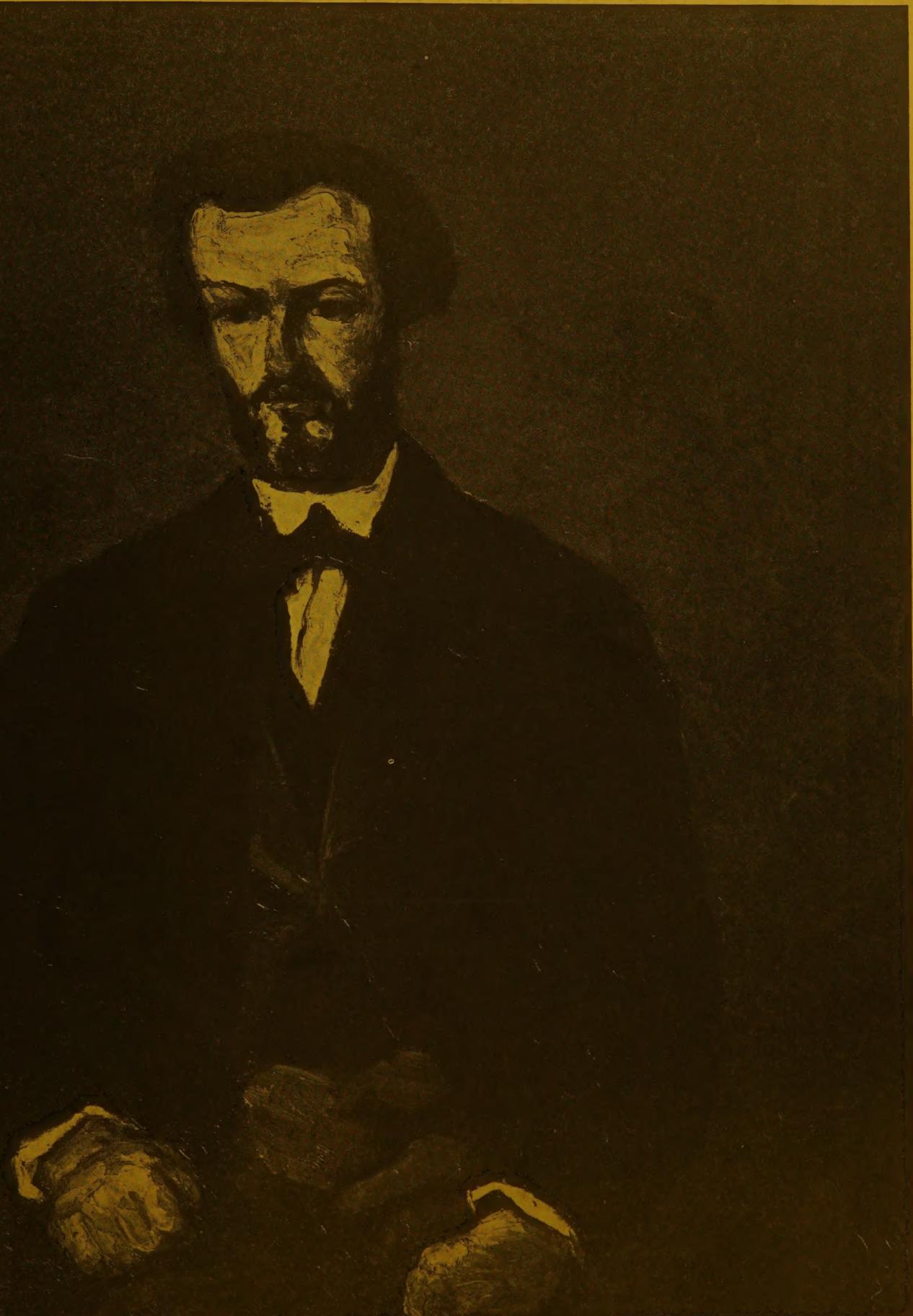


MAGAZINE OF ART

OK



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON
APRIL, 1938 • FIFTY CENTS

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

WASHINGTON, D. C. • MAY 23, 24, 25, 1938

MONDAY, MAY 23

MORNING SESSION

New York's World Fair

Golden Gate International Exposition

Appointment of Committees

LUNCHEON — Chapter Reports

AFTERNOON SESSION

Industrial Design — A New Profession

EVENING — Round Table Dinners

SUBJECTS:

Local Artists—How can they be encouraged?

How can a Museum best serve its Region, Outside of its own Building—Lectures, Lending Collections, Printed Matter?

The Municipal Art Commission—Can it Serve the Community?

Scholarships, Fellowships and Lending Funds—Their Use and Abuse

Problems of Traveling Exhibitions

Local Art Publicity

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Radio and Art

LUNCHEON — Reports of Discussion at Round Table Dinners previous evening

AFTERNOON SESSION

Art in Education: Unity or Chaos?

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

MORNING SESSION

Legislation Affecting the Arts

LUNCHEON — Chapter Reports

AFTERNOON SESSION

A. F. A. BUSINESS

Resolutions

Election

EVENING — Banquet

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MAGAZINE OF ART

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VOLUME 31

NUMBER 4

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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

THIS MONTH

Although Margaret Breuning has reviewed many exhibitions for the MAGAZINE the note on Robert Philipp is her first one-man article to appear in its pages. For many years Mrs. Breuning was art critic of the New York Post. Her comment on New York exhibitions is a monthly feature of *Parnassus*.

Not many people, in these days of air-tight specialization, can lay claim to being expert amateurs. But Catherine Drinker Bowen is one who deserves that distinction. An able musician, Mrs. Bowen has rare appreciation and a contagious enthusiasm for all that pertains to music. She is the author of *Friends and Fiddlers*, published first in the Atlantic, and co-author with Barbara von Meck of *Beloved Friend*, the story of Tchaikovsky and Nadejda von Meck. In this issue Mrs. Bowen gives her personal impression of the effect a socialist state can have on one of the arts.

Garrett Eckbo, whose article on sculpture and landscape design is his first contribution to the MAGAZINE, is a landscape architect by profession. He is a graduate of the University of California, and now holds a fellowship at the Graduate School of Design, Harvard University.

Alice Graeme is in a good position to write about Benjamin West, since she is now living in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, birthplace of the artist and also a center of activity in connection with his bicentenary. Miss Graeme, who writes art criticisms for the Washington Post, has previously contributed articles and book reviews to the MAGAZINE.

The spirited account of Géricault and the riderless racers is written by Nancy Wynne, author of *Against Iconoclasm*, an article that was published in the February, 1937, issue of the MAGAZINE. Miss Wynne, who graduated from Smith College in 1930, is an artist. She is married to Beaumont Newhall.

Exigencies beyond our power made necessary the postponement of Mr. Wearin's article on architectural competitions from the April to the May issue. Apologies are offered to those who are temporarily disappointed.

FORTHCOMING

NEXT MONTH AND AFTER

Francis Speight, the Philadelphia artist, will be featured next month in a one-man article by Dorothy Grafly, art critic and fellow Philadelphian. Miss Grafly has done a sensitive and thoughtful analysis of the man and his work. A color reproduction of Speight's *Umbria Street* will be the frontispiece and the text will be accompanied by black and white illustrations of his paintings.

Perhaps most popularly known as the author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and other salty works of fiction, John Erskine is President of the Juillard Foundation, training school for American musicians. He is also a pianist who makes rare public appearances. He has taken as the theme of his article for the MAGAZINE *More Music in Small Towns* and his urgent plea for a nationwide art free from inhibitions and timidities should appeal to all who are interested in American music.

Some of our readers may have wondered just who comprise *An American Group* and what its purposes are. The answers will be found next month in an article by Ernest Brace, well known as the author of several of our one-man articles.

Lyonel Feininger, German-American painter, is of interest as a human being and as an artist. Alfred V. Frankenstein, critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has done an excellent characterization. He also advances some interesting theories on the development of Feininger's art.

Two important features will be the third installment of the Marion-Morstatt correspondence with notes by Alfred Barr and another of Carl Purington Rollins' reviews of illustrated books.

Next month or shortly after will appear an illustrated article on the monuments unearthed at Sakkarah, Egypt, written by J. P. Lauer, French director of the excavations at the Step Pyramid.

Important forthcoming articles include: *Tradition in American Art* by Mary R. Beard, noted American historian; *Prying into Pictures* by George L. Stout, of the Fogg Museum; *Notes on Ryder* by Sadakichi Hartmann.

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ROBERT PHILIPP: "MY WIFE AND I"

Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries



ROBERT PHILIPP

BY MARGARET BREUNING

A YOUNG artist, Robert Philipp, was the only American to receive an award at the last Carnegie exhibition. The fact that at this international showing America came in for only one honor might provoke new discussion of the much discussed topics of juries, prize awards and American art versus the foreign product. But none of these venerable questions is to be considered here, for such threadbare generalities are, naturally, of less interest than the actual quality of the work of the man who was sole prize winner.

The canvas itself, *Dust to Dust*, (reproduced November, 1937, p. 680), depicts a group of black robed figures huddled together in a wintry cemetery near a recent grave, the whole picture enveloped in the actual chill of a raw atmosphere. There is such concentration on the emotional quality of the subject that it might well make an impression, although there is some awkwardness in composition and uncertainty in structure. To anyone familiar with Philipp's previous work, the first viewing of this painting brought amazement. For an artist whose preoccupation had been for a number of years the depiction of charming young women with a Renoiresque palette, the austerity of this somber canvas with muted color echoing its note of tragedy was an astonishing departure.

For those of us who happened to see it included in a group exhibition of the artist's work last Spring, it appeared a happy augury of a new and broader phase of expression, but not a radical change in the painter's theory or practice, since it has been characteristic of Philipp not to be satisfied with a formula, however effective. Rather he has continued to enlarge his technical scope and widen his esthetic horizon. It is one thing, of course, to deprecate contentment with present success and quite another to turn one's back deliberately upon it. Yet Philipp had the necessary conviction and courage to call a halt at the very moment that his work was most highly commended. For in his particular field he had reached a high point of achievement. Whether he painted a seductive girl leaning out of a window or seated at a table or a bowl of luscious fruit or a bouquet of opulent flowers, he revealed himself a thoroughly accomplished painter, in full command of his resources. Fluent brushwork, richness and variety of textures, beauty of rhythmic pattern were sustained by sound drawing, firm structural design and unfailing tact in the use of color. But with all this remarkable facility of objective statement, he was able to sheer away from virtuosity. In the recent exhibition of his work referred to, he showed that he was not satisfied with mere beauty of surface, but had begun to pry beneath surfaces to find inner significance. Not only the prize picture which made its first appearance here, but the canvas, *Derelicts*, indicated this departure, for its technical facility was quite secondary to its poignant characterization, effected without the slightest theatrical flourish.

Moreover, in one of the best pictures in that showing, *My Wife and I*, he demonstrated clearly an honest desire to set

himself more difficult problems than those involved in his usual subject matter, relinquishing his many felicitous solutions of figure composition for an intricate arrangement of figures in landscape. It proved to be both a commendable project and a thoroughly successful one. There is in this canvas a complete integration of figures and landscape in a carefully organized design. Vitality and fluency of bodily gesture give an impression of spontaneity to the well planned sequence of formal relations, while the subtle weaving of rhythmic pattern holds all the elements of the composition in harmonious unity. For all its glowing richness, a noticeable discretion in the employment of color relieves this painting from any suggestion of the over-lushness which is sometimes felt in Philipp's work.

Rhythm is as important a factor in this artist's work as color. Rhythm may be said to have an important place in his life as well for music and art were, perhaps, equally important influences in his early years. There was, however, no trace of the familiar struggle with parental opposition to the study of art. From the first both parents concurred in his desire to paint and gave him all possible support. Yet, since the quality of his singing voice had early been recognized, he had received careful training for a putative musical career. For a short time he actually did turn from his painting to singing. The death of his father brought such an overwhelming sense of loss that he attempted to escape his depression by altering the whole pattern of his life. An uncle, who was a producer and composer of light opera, prevailed upon him to take a leading rôle in one of his productions. Although Philipp met with a decidedly favorable reception in his performance, he soon gave up the success of this venture for the career which, as yet, had offered no fair rewards or flattering recognition.

This brief excursion into the field of music might imply that his art studies had been sporadic. The fact is that his training was long and serious. An artist does not obtain finished craftsmanship merely as wish fulfillment. Philipp's soundness of drawing, surety of touch, felicity of composition all bear witness to a background of intense application, self-discipline and continuous experiment. Through this arduous training of eye and hand, this unremitting attempt to translate theory into practice, he gained a facility of expression that permitted him to choose his own artistic idiom. It is scarcely necessary to add that if the young artist had not possessed imagination and sensibility that this perseverance would have resulted in arid pedantry. Philipp studied four years at the Art Students League under Dumond and Bridgeman. After a short time on his own, he resumed his studies, this time at the Academy School, where he stayed two years.

His early work included portraiture. A definite flair for seizing a likeness, added to a personal predilection for figure work, led him to consider portrait painting a suitable field for his talents. Doubtless, he had a vision of becoming a fashion-



Above is "Half Nude" by Robert Philipp. Courtesy of the Babcock Galleries. At the top of the facing page is "Reverie," just below it "At Five," both by Robert Philipp, also





Above: "Winter in Connecticut" by Philipp. Courtesy Milch Galleries

Below: "Plebeian Picnic" by Philipp. Courtesy Milch Galleries





"Berrose" by Robert Philipp. Photographs not otherwise credited are used by courtesy of the artist

able portrait painter with at least four figures on every check received for his work. But his portraits neither interested him nor pleased his sitters. He was not willing to prettify his subject enough to make him popular with the client; candor is not usually sought by the sitter.

Since the Armory Show modern art had been discussed and appraised by all the young artists. Without really penetrating the significance of the new movement, Philipp decided to fall in step and "go modern." His modernism consisted principally in violence of statement and brutality of color. He was intelligent enough to abandon this superficial performance and return to the interrupted development of a form of expression more consonant with his real convictions. Since this unsuccessful modernistic experiment, however much he has varied his subject matter, he has consistently employed objective fact as the basis of his pictorial themes, but objective fact transformed by creative imagination into a new personal interpretation of the subject treated.

It would be difficult to view Philipp's canvases and not think of Renoir, for much of their enchantment of color might have come directly from Renoir's palette. This particular influence seems to be the only foreign one that can be traced in Philipp's work. He has travelled in Europe, but he did not study art there. His recent adoption of landscape themes

proves a happy choice promising an important contribution when he has gained fuller mastery over this new phase of work.

Usually the figure painter seems to attack landscape painting perfunctorily, to return later with relief to his first preoccupation—a relief that is shared by all well-wishers. But Philipp appears to find the same zest in painting landscape subjects that he has always shown in his figure work. His highly developed powers of observation and his sensitive perception stand him in good stead. Yet for all their veracious notation of fact, there is little realism in his landscapes; they are not so much faithful portraits of place as imaginative recreations of natural forms in a new compelling vision. Nor need one recall Renoir in these recent works, for Philipp's palette is highly personal and varied and loses no interest through his abandonment of previous luscious notes of beguiling color. Whether in the gaiety of the swift rhythms and sharp notes of color in *Plebeian Picnic* or the lyric pensiveness of *Winter in Connecticut* with its beautiful pattern of broken light planes and muted tones, color seems to answer mood with an unforced, yet vital, enhancement of the emotional content of the picture. In performances such as these Philipp firmly establishes his ability to change his direction without in the least losing his way.

"A PARADISE FOR ARTISTS"

CROSSING A public square in Moscow on a cold morning in early spring, Emily and I were forced out of our way around a long queue of people. "What are they waiting for—food?" I asked. Emily was my guide, a Soviet girl supplied by Intourist, bought and paid for in New York by a publisher who had sent me to Russia to search out material for a biography. I had arrived in Moscow but two hours previous to my walk across the square, and I had not yet learned to know my Emily—so small and slim and young and pretty, with her beret on the back of her dark head and her cigarette forever in her lips—or I should not have put so incautious a question.

"Food?" Emily repeated now, coldly. Soviet citizens, she explained quickly, do not have to stand in queues for food. Not since the famine of 1933. In a capitalistic country like America, no doubt the exploited workers stood in line for food; very likely that was a customary sight in a democracy. (Emily pronounced this last word the way you would pronounce the word *dirty snake*.) These people, however, these Socialist comrades, were waiting for something quite different from food. That was a newspaper office, ahead, and this line was waiting for the results of the Warsaw Contest.

"Boxing?" I asked. "International sports?"

Was it possible, Emily went on, that I had crossed the border only yesterday from Warsaw and had not heard of the Chopin Contest? Pianists from all over Europe were competing, the contest had been running for a week. On three separate days now, Soviet musicians had won prizes, first prizes and second prizes; the whole of the U.S.S.R. was excited about it. All night long, night after night, the Comrades stood in the streets to hear the results. And the same some weeks ago, said Emily, for the Brussels Contest, which had been even bigger and more glorious. A Soviet violinist, David Oistrakh, had carried off first prize—snatched it grandly from under the very chins, one might say, of the Paris Conservatoire, the Brussels Conservatoire. Six first prizes, said Emily, grasping me fervently by the arm. That's what a Socialist state could do for the art of music—Busya Goldstein, Liza Hilels—she would bring me the newspaper clippings, tomorrow.

I stopped quite still in the street, staring at Emily. So I had travelled all these miles, to end up in Paradise! Because any paradise for musicians would be a paradise for me. Here was a country where people stood in line all night to hear what had happened to the *F Minor Fantasie*, a country where an Iturbi was hero, not a Babe Ruth. Here Chopin, crowned with bay, took newspaper precedence over Public Enemies Number One and Two. Here Chopin drew praise from pick-and-shovel men, from brawny females with the badge of a crack machinist on their coats.

A cheer went up along the line, laughter and back slappings. Plainly, in Warsaw, the *F Minor Fantasie* was being rendered to the judges' taste. I seized Emily by the shoulder. "Emily, stop!" I said. "This is terribly exciting. I just can't tell you how exciting. I'm a musician myself, in a hopeless



BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

kind of way. I'm crazy about music. All my life I've had to apologize because I was *too* crazy about it. And now here I find people cheering in the street about Chopin, and not a bit ashamed of it. Emily! Let's not go to the ball-bearing factory with the others. Let's stay here and watch these people. Let's just stick around."

"Stick?" said Emily. "What is that, to stick something around? . . . No, it is organized by Intourist that this morning at twelve o'clock we go to the ball-bearing factory. So we go."

We went. In spite of the fact that I had travelled four thousand miles to study musical conditions in Russia, I went, in company with seven other foreign victims, to the ball-bearing factory. Walking past mile after mile of oily, shouting machines, stumbling over scrap iron and steel shavings, I pondered dreamily, happily over what I had seen in the street. Were these people still standing, I wondered? Were all

branches of music as much loved in Russia as the sight of that queue would seem to signify? Was the U.S.S.R. really a paradise for musicians? Could I find out? Would I ever get to the Moscow Conservatory and talk to musicians? Or would I be forever in ball-bearing factories and model clinics and museums of the Revolution, as my Intourist schedule this morning had seemed to prophesy?

"Do you see our workers?" Emily said, prodding me gently. "They are strong and happy, and every one of them can read and write. What are you looking at? You do not seem to be looking at our strong, happy workers."

I did not look at our Siberian-marble subway station, either, as the days wore on, or our anti-religious museum or our syphilis clinic. I walked through them, yes, and my mouth made suitable sounds of appreciation. A friend of mine had lately travelled to the U.S.S.R. to see the Russian theatre, she had told Intourist point-blank that she would not go near a factory or a clinic. As a result, she was not permitted to set foot in a theatre. Not once. So, morning after morning, I told Emily that this was the finest anti-religious museum or Palace of Culture or syphilis clinic I had ever seen in my life. (It was, too, for obvious reasons.) And then I would say, "Will you try to get tickets for the Red Army concert tonight, Emily? And can you organize a tour to the Conservatory Library this afternoon so we can do some more translating?"

Organizing a tour, in this case, meant the two of us walking five blocks from the Moskva Hotel, pushing open the heavy Conservatory doors and walking up three flights of stairs. After we had done this six times, the felt-slipped lady librarians began to favor us with cold nods of recognition; even the old peasant woman at the library door gave us our pink admittance slips without the usual argument. Under a big, framed photograph of Nicolai Rubinstein, founder of the Conservatory and teacher of Tchaikovsky, we sat at a long table translating—in whispers—old Russian musical newspapers. Every seat at the table was occupied by students, girls and boys or old men and women, copying music or studying. They were the shabbiest, most uncombed persons I have ever seen within four walls. They were also the most eager and my heart went out to them in admiration and sympathy. I smiled at the girl across from me and she smiled back. Emily nodded at me gravely, in her blue eyes the first hint of friendship she had ever shown. "Musicians always understand one another," she said.

But as the days wore on, I began to doubt this, doubt it sadly, in discouragement of heart. Emily had voiced something I had believed all my life, because all my life I had experienced it with gratitude and pleasure. Yet here, in Russia, nobody would talk to me about music. They would talk only about musical education in its relation to Socialism and the next Five-year Plan. They told me how scouts went out from the Conservatory to find musical talent in convict camps or along the broken banks of the Volga Canal, where political prisoners by the thousands sweated to get the locks open by May Day. When they found talent, they brought its possessor to Moscow and gave him his musical education, free. These stories were thrilling—yet, somehow, they were not stories about music, they were something else.

MANY AN obstacle had been put in my path. No tickets were to be had, I was told, for any of the Conservatory concerts. Sold out. The same for the exhibition concerts, held at the Conservatory the following week. Each night a visiting conservatory performed: Kiev, Odessa, Leningrad, with all their best pupils arrayed. I heard every one of these concerts, but I did it through guile and strategy and lurking about corridors at concert time; I got into those concerts the way a thief gets into a house. And when I did succeed in pushing past the woman ticket collector and sank, breathless with effort, into a seat, I saw each time that a third of the seats were empty and remained empty throughout the concert.

Why, I asked myself, was everyone so hostile? Had independent musical research no value here at all? Maybe I was too "sensitive," I told myself. Maybe I just imagined all these slights. And yet—I had been in Moscow two weeks and had not been permitted inside the Rubinstein Museum, not to mention Tchaikovsky's home at Klin. Maybe they just didn't like my face. Russians liked fat faces, and mine was lamentably far from fatness.

Here was the most naturally, spontaneously musical country I ever beheld: that queue waiting for news of the Chopin Contest had been, I soon found, no accident, no exception to the national attitude concerning music. The whole country, everyone on the street, seemed naturally musical. Let someone play a concertina and they all began to dance; let him whistle a tune in a third class railway carriage, and pretty soon ten people were singing lustily. And they liked such good music. Here was no conflict, as with us, between the classics and "popular" music. The week before May first, radio loud speakers were set up in the streets of Moscow. All day the city resounded to Strauss waltzes, Russian folk-tunes, to Tchaikovsky, Chopin, Rimsky-Korsakov. Never a cheap measure, nor any pandering to easy tastes. Nobody seemed surprised at this, nobody grumbled and asked for jazz. Every evening I found concert halls crowded to the roof, people standing in the Bolshoi Theatre to hear *Onegin*, *Pique Dame*. It was comforting, somehow, to know the Tchaikovsky operas were favorites now as in the bad old Imperial days. *Carmen*, *Butterfly*, *Aida*, played again and again to capacity houses.

AND NOT only did the people enjoy art, here in Moscow, but the artists enjoyed themselves. Actors and dancers and pianists and fiddlers, that is—performing artists. If the workers looked shabby and careworn, the virtuoso musicians did not. They were lavishly paid by the government; they dressed in the fashion, I saw them leave stage doors to enter their own automobiles. They had, indeed, so many rubles they did not know what to do with them.

How gay they were, these artists! They had rubles and they had fun; they were the heroes of a people and the people let them know it. Their names were known across a wide country where communication is difficult; when they came to town they were greeted by crowds and escorted to their lodgings. Moreover, they never feared for their jobs. For Soviet actors and dancers there is no sitting about in casting offices in between engagements, and, for musicians, there are more jobs than they could fill. At home in America—how well

(Continued on page 250)



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ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE OR LANDSCAPE DESIGN? *Above left the Mykerinos Pyramids, Egypt*

SCULPTURE & LANDSCAPE DESIGN

BY GARRETT ECKBO

THE IDEAS discussed in this article are based upon a strong conception of the fundamental unity of all the arts. Differ though they may in materials and problems, they are united in the expression of the spirit of the age. Nor can the

Maillol: Torso, bronze. Three-dimensional masses akin to earth forms and to basic architectural shapes are to be seen in good sculpture without regard to culture



COURTESY
H. GIRSBERGER,
ZURICH

lines between them be sharply drawn; they merge with one another indistinguishably, and the zones of interpenetration are often broader than those of pure expression.

The sculptor endeavors to express his sense of the essential form of things with three-dimensional masses related in space. He works in stubborn and recalcitrant materials, and the resultant expression must be as much that of their native qualities, as of his vision and feeling. He will deem it poor art as well as poor craftsmanship to force his material into unnatural forms and proportions. He should have, perhaps, a finer sense of the relation of three-dimensional forms in space than any other artist, for his work is governed by no functional considerations.

Architecture, too, works with three-dimensional volumes, but their arrangement is governed by the human activities which they must shelter. Great sculpture and great architecture may merge indistinguishably, as in the Pyramids of Egypt. Yet sculpture is also analogous to landscape design, for the handling of ground masses can be carried out with a truly sculptural sense of forms in relation. In fact, landscape design may be considered more analogous to sculpture, since its forms are moulded and carved and grouped, whereas those of architecture are constructed.

Landscape design concerns itself with provision for the outdoor activities of man. This involves the relation of various out-door areas to one another, to the landscape, and to such architecture as may be present. At opposite points in the scale dominance of one or the other outside factor becomes complete. In a national park the landscape must be invaded but not disturbed; on a city lot the garden becomes merely an extension of the house.

In its establishment of relations with the landscape and with architecture, and hence between the two, landscape de-



PHOTO BY RADFORD. COURTESY U. S. SOIL CONSERVATION SERVICE

and to the right, natural ground forms in Ventura County, California

sign becomes a sort of liaison agent for them. Its problem is the reconciliation of the surface disorder and irregularity of nature with the formal geometric organization by which man expresses his sense of the order that underlies both art and nature. In the solution of this problem landscape design may well produce formed areas which have little or no functional justification. The utilitarian background of landscape design is considerably less binding than that of architecture, and it may therefore approach sculpture in freedom of esthetic conception. That this freedom often leads to trivialities, sentimentalities, and mutilations of the topography, is the fault of the individual designer, not the art.

Landscape design works with two primary materials, which it shares with no other art—earth and plants. That its handling of these materials is often controlled, rather than influenced, by engineering and horticulture, is merely a symptom of esthetic immaturity. It has two secondary materials—stone and water—which are shared by sculpture and architecture. The purity of landscape design as a form of artistic expression is bound up in its use of these four materials. Introduction of other materials, structural and decorative, while justifiable and often unavoidable, leads also to the introduction and possible dominance of other forms of esthetic conception. The great gardens of the Italian and French Renaissance were architectural in conception and execution; nature had little to say in them. Mention of architectural conception in landscape design implies no disparagement; it is merely apt to lead to a preoccupation with structure and architectural materials, and the exclusion or subjection of the primary materials of landscape design.

Sculpture has been used in relation to landscape design for centuries. It has been used religiously, decoratively, sentimentally, romantically, but seldom organically. Sculpture has been designed to fit landscape schemes, and landscapes have been designed to fit sculpture, but seldom have the two been designed to fit together as an organic unit. We have yet to

*Egyptian torso,
fourth dynasty.
Collection of the
Worcester Art
Museum*



develop a conception of the two together in which sculpture is more than a decorative feature, and landscape design more than a setting.

THE USE of sculpture in the landscape began, of course, with the erection by primitive man of propitiatory images of his deity. This impulse continued down through Greek and Ro-

Water Garden at Villa Lante, Bagnaia, Italy. The classic garden assumed architectural forms. Compare the picture of a private garden in Kyoto, reproduced on the facing page, for an example of controlled and ordered naturalism



PHOTOS COURTESY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

man times. The ancient Roman, endeavoring to graft culture upon his unsympathetic background, became a collector of Greek statuary, and his villas were often sculptural museums. In the great works of the Italian and French Renaissance sculpture was nearly always related to architectural constructions, or to planting treated architecturally, and seldom directly to landscape forms.

There are inspiring sculptural conceptions to be found in the Italian villas—the water garden of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, the Isolotto in the Boboli gardens in Florence, the caryatids of the Farnese villa at Caprarola. Le Nôtre's work in France was of such a scale as to make sculpture completely minor and decorative, and the quantity production which it entailed tended to stultify good sculptural expression.

In the great and expressive garden designs of the Persians, Mughals and Moors, and their subsequent Spanish development, sculpture was of no importance, because of its proscription by the Koran. The preoccupation of the other great Asiatic landscape expressions, Chinese and Japanese, with natural forms, left little consideration for statuary as such. But their use of ground forms, stones, and such features as lanterns, had a sculptural quality seldom found in occidental gardens.

The landscape school in England, with its preoccupation with romanticism and nature worship, did show us that we can derive inspiration from the great sculpture of nature as well as from that of man. In contrast with the Renaissance conception, and in revolt against its rigidity, this school excluded architectural thought entirely.

Among modern developments, Carl Milles' gardens at Lidingö, Sweden, and the garden by Gabriel Guevrekian at Hyères, France, with its Lipchitz abstraction, are stimulating and indicative, if somewhat lonely indicators. Modern sculpture is inspiring, but landscape design has yet to produce a

kindred movement for the clear and lucid expression of its age.

Landscape design today seems to have little conception of an organic use of sculpture. Its handling is apt to be either sentimental, timid, or merely stupid. Where it is used to mark



Caryatids in the garden of Farnese Villa, Caprarola, Italy. Reproduced from A. Bolton's "Gardens of Italy" (Scribner's)



COURTESY DOROTHY MEIGS EIDLITZ

a joint, or terminate a vista, in an axial skeleton, it may be considered an organic relationship, but the quality of the sculpture is seldom high. The landscape architect takes refuge in banal and lifeless forms, whose purpose could be served as

PHOTO BY VIRGINIA MORRIS KING



"The Vine" by Harriet Frishmuth, N.A., placed at a focal point in a garden. A replica is in Metropolitan Museum of Art

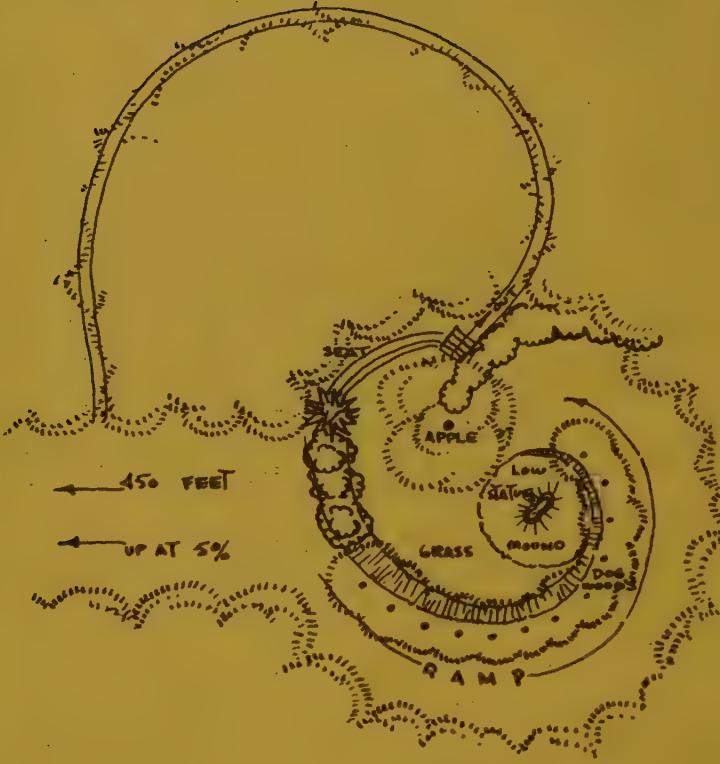
well by a column or a block of stone. Unless the sculptor can bring out the hidden quality of his stone, and infuse it with a strong and vital expression, he had far better leave it in its natural state.

On a smaller scale, without the impressiveness given it by an axial setting, garden sculpture plumbs the depths of weak and insipid sentimentality. Gnomes and elves and grinning children struggling with hapless fish and dragon-flies seem to be the highest plane of conception to which the garden architect and sculptor can reach. Or, granted a figure of some sculptural charm—as the work of Harriet Frishmuth—we find it tucked away in a hidden corner of the garden, as though the owner were ashamed of his artistic aspirations, or hoped to surprise the unwary wanderer with them.

The placing of a fine statue in an appropriate and flattering setting requires esthetic judgment commensurate with that which produced it. A good sculptural figure will have movement, forces, tensions, and these must be harmonized with the movement and the forces of the garden before the two become integrated. In axial design this is a simple process: we fire a shot down our axial perspective barrel and place a figure at the end strong enough to receive the impact without toppling over backward. Quality does not matter, only size and strength. If the dazed observer survives the first crushing blow, he is propelled into another axial "shot," and so on until he is pounded into submission.

Axial design, and its close relative, bilateral symmetry, are far too often merely forms which make thought unnecessary. Axes are only the center lines of areas, and there seems no more reason for emphasizing them outdoors than in. People live in areas, not on axes, and it is pure presumption to force them to stare repeatedly or continually at one focal point within the area. There seems no reason why landscape design cannot work in terms of areas, whose forms and relations may

TREATMENT OF AN OPENING AT THE END OF A FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOOT ALLEE' CUT THRU DENSE NATURAL WOODS- DEVELOPED AS AN ABSTRACT COMPOSITION IN PLASTIC FORM- RAMPED EARTH PLANES MEET AT A LOW MOUND, FROM WHICH RISES A DIECE OF MODERN SCULPTURE WHOSE SMOOTH FORMS BLEND READILY WITH THE EARTH FORMS- LINKED DOGWOOD TREES AND A GNARLED APPLE PLAY THEIR PART IN A THREE-DIMENSIONAL COMPOSITION- SIMPLE NATURAL MATERIALS, COMBINED IN A SCULPTURAL MANNER-



have little or no dependence upon an axial skeleton, and yet have an order which is not an imitation of nature. Nor does there seem to be any reason why one side of an area should be exactly like the other, simply because it has a center line. The scenes of nature are seldom either axial or symmetrical, architecture has abjured axial symmetry, therefore why should landscape design continue the use of this devitalizing dogma?

THE LANDSCAPE designer cannot hope to obtain the interest and cooperation of the sculptor until he begins to treat his work with sympathy and understanding. Only the mediocre sculptor is interested in the rôle of catcher in a perpetual axial baseball game. Good sculpture must be designed integrally with its setting and background, for without them it does not exist. The development of a conception of landscape design as the composition of three-dimensional forms and volumes in space will place it in close affinity with sculpture. Close co-operation of sculptor and garden designer will produce a garden in which earth and plants and sculptured figures are united into one organic entity of forms and movements. The statue will cease to be a feature, and become instead the culmination and concentration of the spirit and life of the garden.

The experiments in abstract form of such men as Lipchitz, Brancusi and Archipenko have helped to free sculpture from the bonds of sentimentality and realism, and have enforced a study of pure formal relations. Their work often has

Brancusi's "Le Miracle;" modern sculpture suited for use in a garden. From "Modern Plastic Art" by C. Giedion-Welscher



COURTESY H. GIRSBERGER, ZURICH



Archipenko's "Hero" belongs in such a garden as this. Reproduced from "Cubism and Abstract Art" by Alfred Barr, Jr.

great decorative charm, and a quality of form and movement which blends most happily with the smooth relations of earth masses. An insight into the mental processes of the abstractionist will help the landscape designer to produce a simpler and truer expression of the conditions of his own problem. Abstract sculpture may form a bridge between the sculptural use of natural forms in oriental gardens and the featured but often unrelated use of sculptured forms in occidental gardens. The former stresses the organic relation of the parts to the whole, the latter the featuring of the part by the whole. Sculpture in abstract forms has the organization imparted by the artist, and an impersonality which relates it to the impersonality of nature. Landscape design is, after all, a more impersonal art than architecture, for it deals with the larger scale necessities of nature, as well as those of man.

Abstract forms need not be completely dissociated from the familiar forms of nature, nor need they be so impersonal as to excite no other response than an esthetic one. The cubist statues of Jacques Lipchitz have recognizable roots in the human form. Alexander Archipenko's figure known as *The Boxers* is a delightful study in form, and always gives to the writer a feeling of amusement and gayety, which would be most suitable in a garden. The swimming pool islands, designed for a recent community center project by the sculptor Ribera, have a smoothness and fluidity of form which is an admirable expression of their water setting, and an invitation to board and explore that is most delightful. These islands



are truly an excursion by a sculptor into the field of landscape design, and a forceful exposition of the possibilities in the application of sculptural abstraction to landscape design. The application of similar design processes to the landscape materials of earth and rock and plants could produce forms of true sculptural distinction.

IN THE FINAL analysis, any sculpture which adheres to an honest expression of its materials can scarcely avoid the necessity for some degree of abstraction. The stubborn native qualities of stone and metal and clay will scarcely submit to the naturalistic rendition of the human form without visual

agony. The work of all the greatest modern sculptors, Maillol, Mestrovic, Epstein, Milles, while obviously interpreting the human form, has all degrees of distortions, simplifications and abstractions. These are essential to good expression of the material and relation of forms in space. Modern experiments are experiments in degree, not in kind. Egyptian and archaic Greek sculptors practiced rigid simplifications and distortions, the carvings of primitive tribes are definitely abstract decorative forms, and the sculpture of the caveman produced distortions of the female form which were repeated in our day by the sculptor Gaston Lachaise.

(Continued on page 250)

PHOTO BY C. G. ROSENBERG



Carl Milles: Fountain and Figure. The sculptor's own garden at Lidingö, Sweden, is one of the few gardens which successfully incorporate first-rate modern sculpture. Courtesy of the sculptor



Géricault: *Riderless Racers at Rome*. Collection Walters Gallery. First, the scene as he saw it. A lively impression in oil, hasty and full of academic discrepancies, but fresh and vigorous. This is pure genre. The composition is awkwardly cleft by the oblique line of rope and stands

GERICAULT'S RIDERLESS RACERS BY NANCY WYNNE

At three o'clock, the sound of fireworks let off in the Place del Popolo and the Place de Venise, heard with difficulty amid the din and the confusion, announced that the races were about to begin. The races . . . are one of the episodes peculiar to the last days of the Carnival in Rome. At the sound of the fireworks, the carriages instantly broke ranks. . . . The pedestrians ranged themselves against the walls; then the trampling of horses and the clashing of steel were heard. A detachment of carbineers, fifteen abreast, galloped up the Rue du Cours in order to clear it for the Barberi.—DUMAS, "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO."

IN THE Place del Popolo, savage little horses, newly caught on the Campagna, reared and fought, maddened by the spiked balls dangling against their cruppers. In the dust of their heels peasant youths ran among them, grabbing them by the plumed bridles, clutching at their flying manes and tails, struggling to keep them from leaping the barrier. Among the turbulent crowd in 1817, no one was more profoundly moved

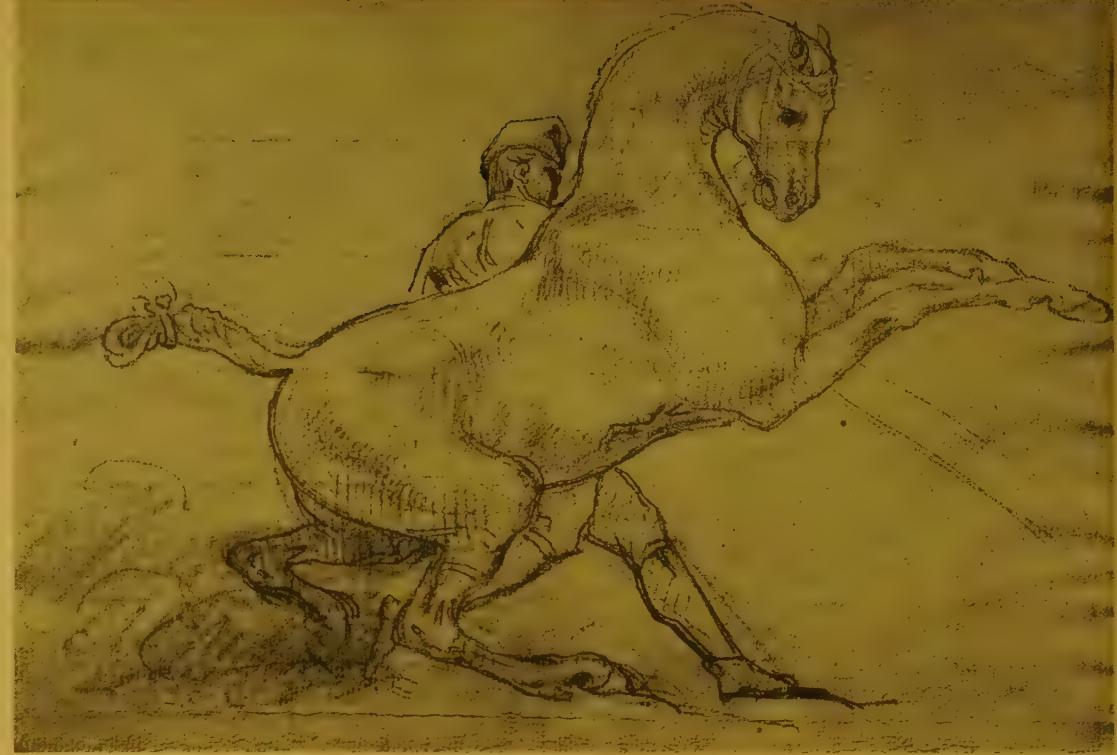
than one elegant and handsome young Frenchman. For him the shining little horses and their captors were enveloped by the intense and magic light in which, as if with his whole being, an artist sees his new subject.

Dumas continues: "Almost instantly in the midst of a tremendous and general outcry, seven or eight horses, excited by the shouts of three hundred thousand spectators, passed by like lightning. Then the Castle of St. Angelo fired three cannons to indicate that Number Three had won."

Back in his studio, the young Frenchman threw himself into composing his picture. Here was a chance to use what Rome had taught him through his searching copies: the moving form of Michelangelo, majestic as thunderclouds, the color and chiaroscuro of Raphael, the noble unity of antique sculpture. He said, later, that "he had trembled before the masters of Italy, and doubted himself, and that it was long before he found himself again." In these wild horses he could take up the terrifying challenge. No man, living or dead, was

Right: Pen drawing by Géricault. Collection Pierre Dubaut, Paris. "The men may be mere muscular curves; the horses are always instinct with life."

Center and bottom: In the center one of Géricault's more complete sketches for the final picture; below it a more suggestive sketch. The latter shows the central, keystone figure of a rearing horse, carried over into the center sketch and also seen in the oil study at the top of page 212. Slowly he evolves two groups: one, pyramidal, of a man braced against a rearing horse; one, rectangular, of a running horse pursued. He makes many variations on this theme. . .



Left and bottom: In these drawings by Géricault the frieze of the Parthenon seems to pass before us. The horses of Marly rear again. Classic drapery floats here and there. The lines, driven by a dynamic force, create sculptural volume in a single stroke of pen, pencil or brush.

Center below: Géricault made this pen drawing of the capture, one of several at the end of the race. A spirited drawing, but scattered and rather empty in the center. He returns to the start (see facing page). In a series of magnificent drawings he gives us the elemental struggle of horse against man...





Above: Géricault's final sketch for the never finished *Riderless Racers* is in the Louvre, Paris. Here Rome has receded to a great temple and a distant hill, the carnival to a mere fringe of mob atop a wall. Deeply sculptured in brilliant sunlight and sharp shadows, the shining horses rear and plunge. Running among them in clouds of dust, strong men catch hold, subdue them. Against a sunlit wall flying heads and manes make a wild pattern. Left: An oil study from life for the right-most figure above. Collection Pierre Dubaut, Paris. This figure, like the one on the facing page, undergoes a metamorphosis into a mighty athlete when used in the final sketch. Both models assume a barbaric, yet classic, vigor in the composition, their motions accentuated by the clinging tights



more fitted to paint this savage race than Theodore Géricault.

All his life he was a passionate lover of horses. Great draft horses plodding in the shafts, weary carriage horses still wet with the marks of the harness, cavalry horses rearing in the smoke of battle—he loved and drew them all. He made beautiful and precise drawings of their bones and muscles. He himself would ride only the most spirited stallions and rejoiced in taming those none other could subdue. Temperamentally as sudden and vital as they, he knew every mood, every quiver, every flow of mane and tail. He could touch with Homeric splendor two thoroughbreds fighting in a stable; he made a threnody of a dead horse in the back of a cart slowly climbing a hill. Of the English Derby he created a picture of reckless speed under a lowering sky. The thunder of hooves must have been music to him.



Above: An earlier oil study, Collection Rouen Museum. Géricault imagines the capture of the horses on the Campagna. On this tiny canvas he conjures up a vast landscape full of air and sun. A noble horse struggles to escape the Greek youths that pursue him; two seize his head and mane, two more, running lightly, grasp his tail. The brush strokes are set with such rapid and sure solidity that they seem almost mosaic. There is great beauty here but it did not satisfy Géricault with his head full of the *Last Judgment*. Right: Another oil life study for one of the chief figures in the final sketch (facing page). Collection G. Renand, Paris. In this case, too, the individuality of the model was transfigured in the developed composition which Géricault did not live to complete

As a boy he could hardly be dragged from the blacksmith shop even for dinner. Whenever he could slip away from school—he was a lazy scholar—he sat in stables, drawing, always drawing horses. He so admired great horsemen that he tried to sleep at night with his shins in a pair of wooden appliances he had devised hoping to make himself bowlegged. At seventeen he left the Lycée and insisted on being a painter. His first choice of a master was Carle Vernet, simply because the man painted horses, no matter with what elegant thinness. He saw his mistake, yet even Guérin, a better master, and one who endured with remarkable patience the uproar Géricault's high spirits created in his quiet atelier, could not give him enough. Insatiably he worked in the Louvre. Rubens, Gros and Raphael, he said, painted the best horses. Rubens he copied endlessly, and so thickly that his fellow-students dubbed

(Continued on page 252)



CRUCIFIXIONS BY TWO MASTERS



COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The panel on the left, attributed to Hubert van Eyck, is one of two in the Metropolitan Museum of Art which form a diptych. The van Eycks, Hubert and Jan, worked in Ghent and Bruges, Flanders, early in the fifteenth century. They both did some painting on the famous Altarpiece of Ghent, Hubert apparently designing the whole and executing parts, Jan completing the project after his brother's death. It has always been a Mecca for artists. The attribution of this panel to Hubert was made by the late Bryson Burroughs who further characterized Hubert as the "fountainhead of Northern painting." The van Eycks reestablished the technique of oil painting and gave a lasting impetus to the Northern schools in the direction of expressive realism, superb craftsmanship which often raised the seeming commonplace to great emotional heights.

The other Crucifixion, shown in full below and in an impressive detail at the right, was painted by Tintoretto, probably in 1568, for the Church of San Cassiano, Venice. Tintoretto was no innovator, but he did bring his own gift to the flowering of the Venetian School, even though he worked, as it were, in the shadow of Titian's tremendous reputation. Tintoretto was able to give his great designs the lively directness of a sketch. His aim in composition seems to have been to convey force through the dramatic element of surprise rather than through a gentle use of rhythm.



PHOTO BY CAV. P. FIORENTINI, VENICE



PHOTO BY CAV. P. FIORENTINI, VENICE



Benjamin West painted this recently rediscovered landscape in 1750 at the age of twelve. It was found at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, where it has been since 1825. Both this picture and its companion, "Ships at Sea," another childhood work of West's, are included in the comprehensive exhibition celebrating the bicentenary of the artist's birth, to be seen at the Philadelphia Museum of Art through April 10

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)

BY ALICE GRAEME

IN THE life of Benjamin West the traditional lot of the artist was, for once, completely reversed. For few painters have lived to enjoy as brilliant, and apparently easy success, nor at their death been as quickly neglected and forgotten. It is only in recent times that the significance of his life has been gradually finding a more just and balanced appraisal. This year, at the two hundredth anniversary of West's birth there is renewed interest in both the dramatic story of his career and the active and far-reaching influence he exerted over two generations of American painters. The important current survey of his work arranged by the Philadelphia Museum of Art will do much to advance this interest, and further clarify the whole chronological sequence of his paintings.

West was nearly the first American artist of merit, certainly the first with enterprise enough to go abroad to study. It was the success and position which he gained in London that won the initial recognition of the existence of an American art. To the haven of his studio came all the young students of this country who were to be, with him, the founders of the American School. With West's encouragement, his teaching, and years of generous and kindly assistance, it was possible for such men as Gilbert Stuart, Copley, Sully, Trumbull and Washington Allston to find support, and to develop their art in the knowledge and the traditions of fine painting. West paved the way for the training and the growth of a

native school, and the extent of his example and influence is incalculable.

When West was born in Pennsylvania there was no more than a journeyman's art in this country, and the most primitive background of culture. As he was the son of a Quaker family, he was, naturally, surrounded from birth with an atmosphere which was hardly conducive to an artistic career. For it was the gentle and unsophisticated Quaker doctrine "that things merely ornamental were not necessary to the well being of man but rather superfluous." Yet West's love of drawing flourished despite his environment. Without the stimulus of examples to follow, he collected his crude materials where he could, and started on his precocious beginnings. So simple was the settler's life from which he came, that the story goes he borrowed his first colors from the Indians who camped each spring near his father's farm. Such enterprise attracted attention, and started the long succession of fortunate events which helped him throughout his career. He owed a great deal to the wisdom of the Quakers who were generous enough not to hamper him, but instead sent him forth in the world with their blessing. Much of the serious and religious character of his work came from the influence of their sober teachings. Indeed West never lost a feeling of the high purpose of painting, nor the will to use his talent as an evangelizing and moral force. Combined with an engaging per-

sonality and persistence in his work, he also had, as one of his chroniclers has deftly put it, "that rare judgment so necessary to success in any profession, which understands the value of a thing when he sees it, and rightly estimates the worth of an opportunity."

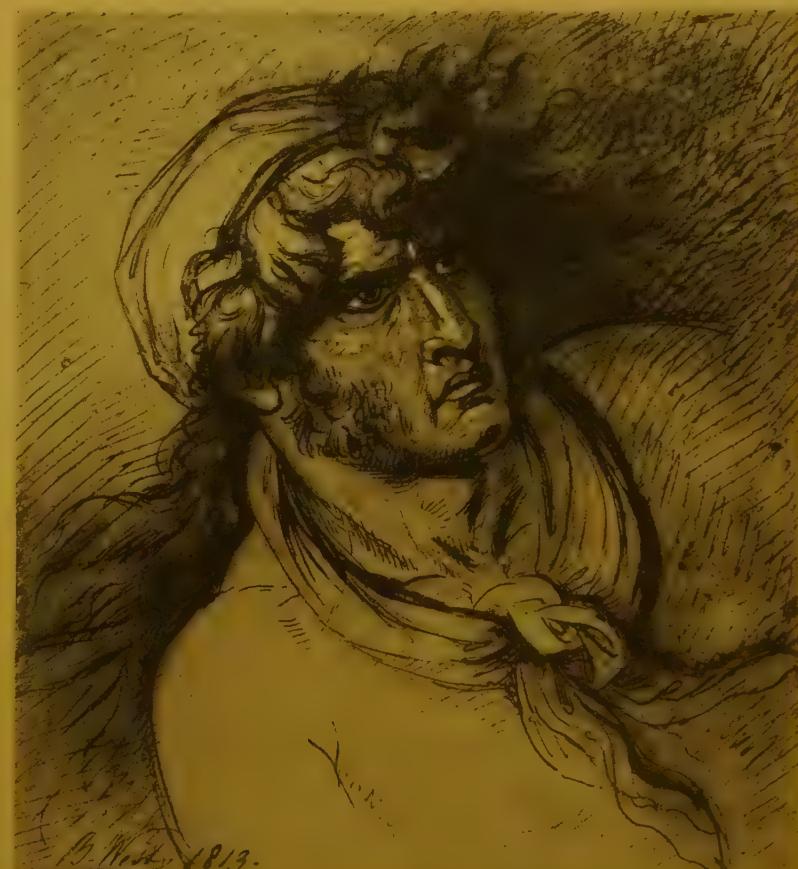
At the age of twenty-two West already had a certain facility. With the help of several newly found patrons he was painting portraits in New York and Philadelphia at twenty-five dollars a head. Though the work of this period is stiff and untutored, there are pleasing and natural qualities which he would have done well to guard more zealously. Once more meeting with favorable circumstances, he was able to set sail for Italy in 1760. From that time he was never to return to America. In Italy, the arrival of the first art student from a continent that was still thought of as little short of barbarian, made no small sensation. His work was extravagantly praised, and, one suspects, partly through the novelty of his position, and the tale of his origin, he found himself in astonishing prominence. He was wise enough not to lose his head, and instead made use of the following three years in studying the treasures of the Italian galleries. The occupation must indeed have been a surprise and a treat to his unsophisticated eyes. He admired Raphael in particular, and made a careful study of Titian's color, but with no great effect on his own. Color was never West's forte, and little subtlety of tone can be found even in the best of his work. Through the advice of Mengs, at this time he made his first sketches of allegorical and historical subjects, a style which became for him the most absorbing form of his art.

By 1763 he had arrived in London, where once more he was fortunate in the unprecedented speed with which he rose to quick and easy success. And this despite the regrettably low ebb of public taste for the arts at that time. His Italian recognition had preceded him to London, for when he presented his letters, he found that the foremost gentlemen of the day were ready to help him. Such men as Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith and the Archbishop of York were his friends. An audience was soon arranged for him with George III, who was immediately attracted by the charm of his personality and the manner of his work. The king himself suggested the theme of his first royal commission, the classical subject of the *Departure of Regulus*. As a result of George's interest in young West he was appointed historical painter to the Court of England, and for thirty-three long years enjoyed first place in the royal favor. Such was the almost incredible success of a young man whose education had been of the simplest, and whose talents, though facile, were even then greatly untried.

The moment of West's arrival in London had been opportune for the start of his career as historical painter. Hogarth was dying, Reynolds remained devoted to portraiture, and Gainsborough chiefly painted landscape or portraits. West brought something new, which not only suited the king, but seemed to find favor with the public. He had those particular qualities as a painter which were peculiarly adapted to the spirit of the times. His story telling art, relating great historical scenes, and depicting well-known religious and allegorical subjects, evidently supplied some contemporary wish for the dramatic, and met the public's desire for glorified illustration.

West was instrumental in the founding of the Royal Academy, dignifying the position of all English art, and was for many years its honored president. With his assured post at court relieving him of financial worry, and the honor of the presidency of the Royal Academy, West was at the pinnacle of his fame. He set about the monumental task of painting the entire history of "revealed religion" in thirty-eight pictures for the Chapel at Windsor Castle. With the greatest industry, he continued to portray the moral sentiments of religious fervor and of patriotism in his many paintings. No less than three thousand works are estimated to have been done by West, with, of course, the assistance of his studio. For fifty years, without default, he painted a picture for the annual exhibition of the Academy. It is no wonder that this vast output should have weakened the sense of freedom and imagination in his work. Though he planned the often elaborate composition of his scenes with mastery, the actual execution was hard, and coldly classical. He was interested in detail, and brought his works to a high degree of finish, but today we find them lacking in vitality and feeling. In his seventies, with the king's favor at last at an end, he still painted the enormous canvases he considered the noblest form of art. His *Christ Healing the Sick*, which dates from this period, brought the highest price till then ever paid for a painting.

Yet these tasks were too heavy for his advanced age, and there is a monotonous repetition in the crowded scenes he then painted. It is interesting to speculate what would have been the turn of West's career had he not so long enjoyed patronage of the king. The assured support of the powerful is sometimes fatal to initiative, and fresh creative endeavor. Had West been forced to go to the public for full support, and seek commissions from private sources his work might have

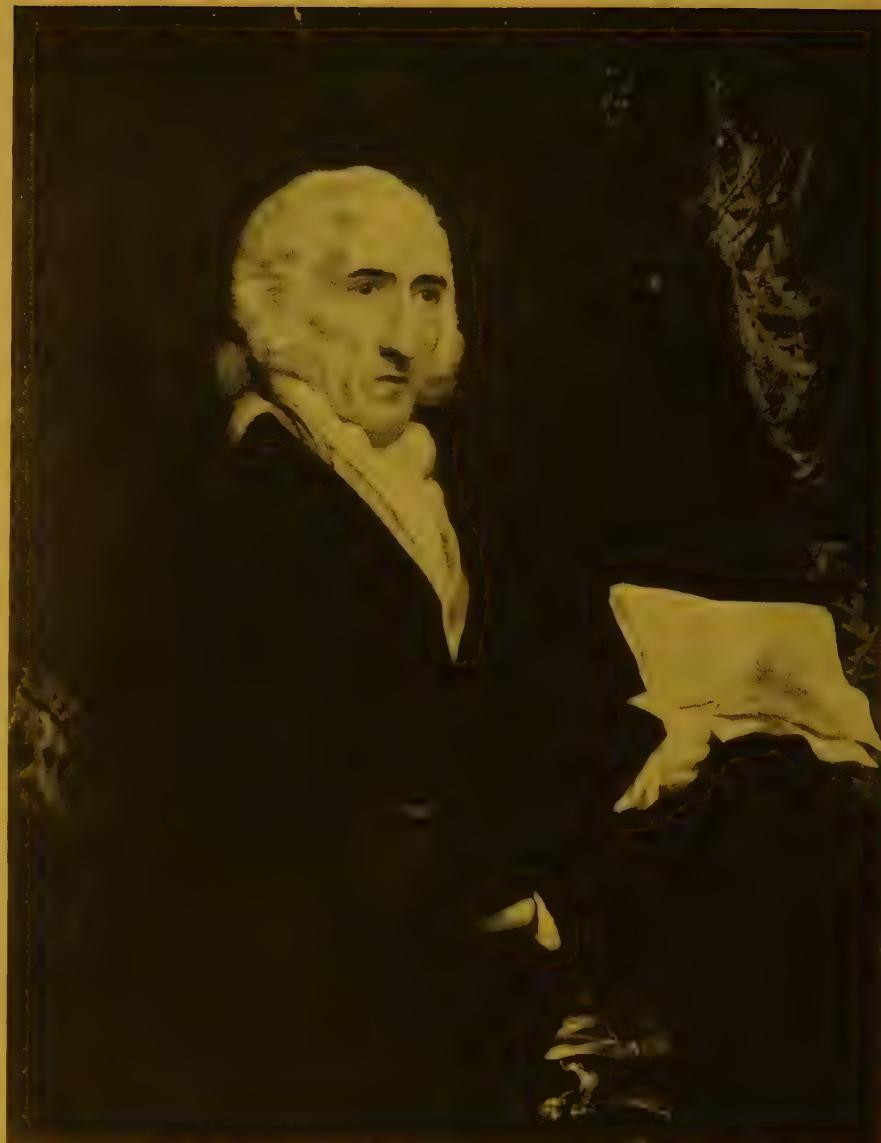


Benjamin West: Man's Head, pen and wash on paper. Collection of Henri Marceau. Included in the Philadelphia Museum of Art exhibition

had a more varied and warmer quality. Certainly, in those private commissions and portraits which he did paint, we recognize the finest of West's work. Yet he considered portraiture to be unworthy and a lesser art. In 1809 he wrote to his friend and former pupil, Charles Willson Peale, "Although I am friendly to portraying eminent men, I am not friendly to the indiscriminate waste of genius in portrait painting." Yet there are no more feeling works by West than the portraits of his friend Dr. Enoch Edwards, of Mrs. Richard Hare, or of Goldsmith in a tobacco brown coat. Though for us their quality may outrank his more ambitious pictures, his heart and purpose were never in portraiture.

One of the most important of West's contributions as an artist was his great innovation of painting historical characters in their contemporary dress. It seems hard to imagine what a furore was created when his *Death of General Wolfe* appeared with the characters painted in the actual costumes of their day. Yet the prevailing fashion of the late eighteenth century would have been to portray the whole scene in the classic dress of togas and armor. Once West had carried out his idea, its logic won him support, and his revolution in style was quickly accepted. There actually exist the attempts of certain early American artists which show Washington in full armor. It is amusing to think what our colonial portraits and battle scenes might well have been like had it not been for West's common sense.

It is the opinion of Fiske Kimball, Director of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, that West,



Above: Benjamin West's *Portrait of Dr. Enoch Edwards*, 1795. All photographs by courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art

Below: One of the three sketches for West's "Death on the Pale Horse," this one dating from 1802 is included in the bicentenary exhibition through April 10





Above: West's *Portrait of Mrs. Richard Hare (Martha Harford)*, 1775. Lent by Mr. Horace Binney Hare to the current show

besides being an innovator, had likewise "a position as a pioneer of European classicism and as the founder of romanticism in figure painting." He advances the interesting theory that West and the British School were a number of years in advance of David and the development of the French historical movement. At the same time he attaches much importance to the influence created by West's taking the small sketch of his *Death on the Pale Horse* to Paris in 1802. Indeed there is a fire and romantic treatment here which suggests the much later paintings of the turbulent and romantic Delacroix. West's own final painting of this great subject from the Apocalypse has lost most of the force of the sketch, and hangs today, rather dim and overshadowed, in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Of all the influence that West may have exerted in his time, through the liberality of his studio or the works of his hand, it is his example and stimulus to the American School which must stand as his greatest achievement. Without his unlimited encouragement of American painters for fifty years the whole development of art in this country would have been greatly retarded. Only now we begin to realize the prestige of West in his time, and weigh the importance of his power to introduce American artists to the advantages of European culture. Though the great historical works most admired in his day are as out of favor now as during the reaction immediately following his death, this generation finds new pleasure in a revaluation of the portraits he disdained, and a deeper understanding of the whole significance of his position in art history.



Right: West's famous "The Death of General Wolfe," 1771, the first historical painting to use contemporary costume instead of Roman and Greek apparel. Lent by the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

CEZANNE IN THE LETTERS OF MARION TO MORSTATT, 1865-1868

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET SCOLARI WITH NOTES BY ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

CHAPTER II

From Aix-en-Provence in the 1860's there emerged a group of brilliant young men two of whom, Paul Cézanne and Emile Zola, were to become world famous. Second only to them in achievement were Fortuné Marion, later to be director of the Museum of Natural History at Marseilles, and Anthony Valabrégue, critic and art historian. Heinrich Morstatt, a young German musician who spent a few years in Marseilles, came to know Marion and the group at near-by Aix. During this time and after his return to Stuttgart at the end of 1866, Morstatt received a long series of letters from Marion, many paragraphs of which are devoted to Cézanne.

Rather than publish these numerous and often garrulous letters in sequence, selections from them have been combined to form commentaries upon particular subjects. The first chapter, pub-

lished in the February issue of the MAGAZINE OF ART, reviewed the friendship of Cézanne and Marion and the spirit of romantic despair which afflicted them. The present chapter concerns Cézanne's efforts to have his paintings accepted by the official Salon. Marion's excited account of the Courbet and Manet one-man shows is added because it gives us a fresh contemporary report by one of Cézanne's intimate friends of the two leaders of the "realist" school with which Cézanne was at this time associated. Cézanne's enthusiasm for Wagner, unknown before the discovery of these letters, will be the subject of the final article, published next month.

The letters of Marion to Morstatt are now in the possession of Morstatt's daughter, Frau Hedwig Haag, of Stuttgart. With her kind permission they are used in these articles.

The Spirit of Revolt; Daubigny Defends Cézanne; The Attack on the *Salon* of 1866

"I have just had a letter from one of the Paris friends: Cézanne hopes he may not be accepted at the exhibition [i. e., the *Salon*] and the painters of his acquaintance are preparing an ovation in his honor. Guillemet plays on the *cor de chasse*; and Valabrégue who has just got there writes me as follows: 'Shall write to you soon; wait for my letter.'" (Letter 4, Aix, March 28, 1866.)

Two weeks later Valabrégue's promised letter from Paris arrived; Marion copied out a paragraph for Morstatt (Letter 5, Aix, April 12, 1866):

"Paul will without doubt be refused at the exhibition. A philistine in the jury exclaimed on seeing my portrait, that it was not only painted with a knife but with a pistol as well. Many discussions have arisen. Daubigny said some words in defense of my portrait. He declared that he preferred pictures brimming over with daring to the nullities which appear at each succeeding *Salon*. He didn't succeed in convincing them."

Valabrégue's statement about his portrait by Cézanne is puzzling. At first reading he seems to imply that Cézanne sent the portrait to the *Salon*, that a philistine on the jury attacked it and that Daubigny defended it without success. But Cézanne sent to the *Salon* only two pictures: *La femme à la puce* and a canvas which Guillemet called *Après-midi à Naples* or *Le grog au vin*; and the fact that there were only two is confirmed by Cézanne's subsequent letter of protest to the *Surintendant des Beaux-Arts* in which he mentions specifically "deux toiles que le Jury vient de me refuser."¹¹ The plausible solution of this contradiction is that the "philistine" and Daubigny made their remarks under some preliminary or unofficial circumstances. The controversy may indeed have discouraged Cézanne's sending the portrait to the *Salon*, though certainly the portrait would have been far less offensive to the jury than the two figure compositions which he did send.

The portrait of Valabrégue¹² which aroused such debate is very probably the large canvas, now in the J. V. Pellerin Collection, which we reproduce in figure 8. Its heavy, almost

brutal palette knife technique might well have caused a *Salon* juryman of 1866 to condemn it as "*peint . . . au pistolet*."

But to continue with Marion's letter of April 2, 1866: after quoting Valabrégue's description of how gentle Daubigny defended Cézanne's painting, Marion goes on with further news followed by some truculent commentary of his own:

"Since then [that is, since receiving Valabrégue's letter] I've had more news: the whole realist school has been refused, Cézanne, Guillemet and the others. The only pictures accepted are Courbet's things (it appears that he is growing weak) and a *Fife Player* by Manet, one of the youthful glories who decidedly occupies the first rank. . ." [Marion was mistaken in believing that Manet's *Fife Player* was accepted, for its refusal was, in fact, the most notorious *faux pas* of a notorious jury. Only a few decades later the *Fife Player*, figure 9, was to be hung in the Louvre.]

"In reality we triumph and this vast exile is in itself a victory. All we have to do is to plan an exhibition of our own and put up a deadly competition against those blear-eyed idiots.

"We are in a fighting period: youth against old age . . . the present, laden with promise of the future, against the past, that black pirate.

"Talk of posterity. Well, we are posterity. And we are told that it is posterity that judges. We trust in the future. Our adversaries can trust at best in death.

"We are confident. All we want is to produce. If we work our success is certain. . ."

Cézanne's Protest

Cézanne, however, was not content to put his faith in work alone, leaving posterity to judge. He was still the active fighter. Defeat had not yet caused him to withdraw, like an exacerbated turtle, into the shell of his hermitage at Aix. He attempted a frontal attack on the philistine bureaucracy, demanding the revival of the *Salon des Refusés* which had been founded by the Emperor Napoleon III in 1863 to afford exhibition to works rejected by the official *Salon*. To M. de Nieuwerkerke, *Surintendant des Beaux-Arts*, he wrote two let-

¹¹ All footnotes appear on page 249.

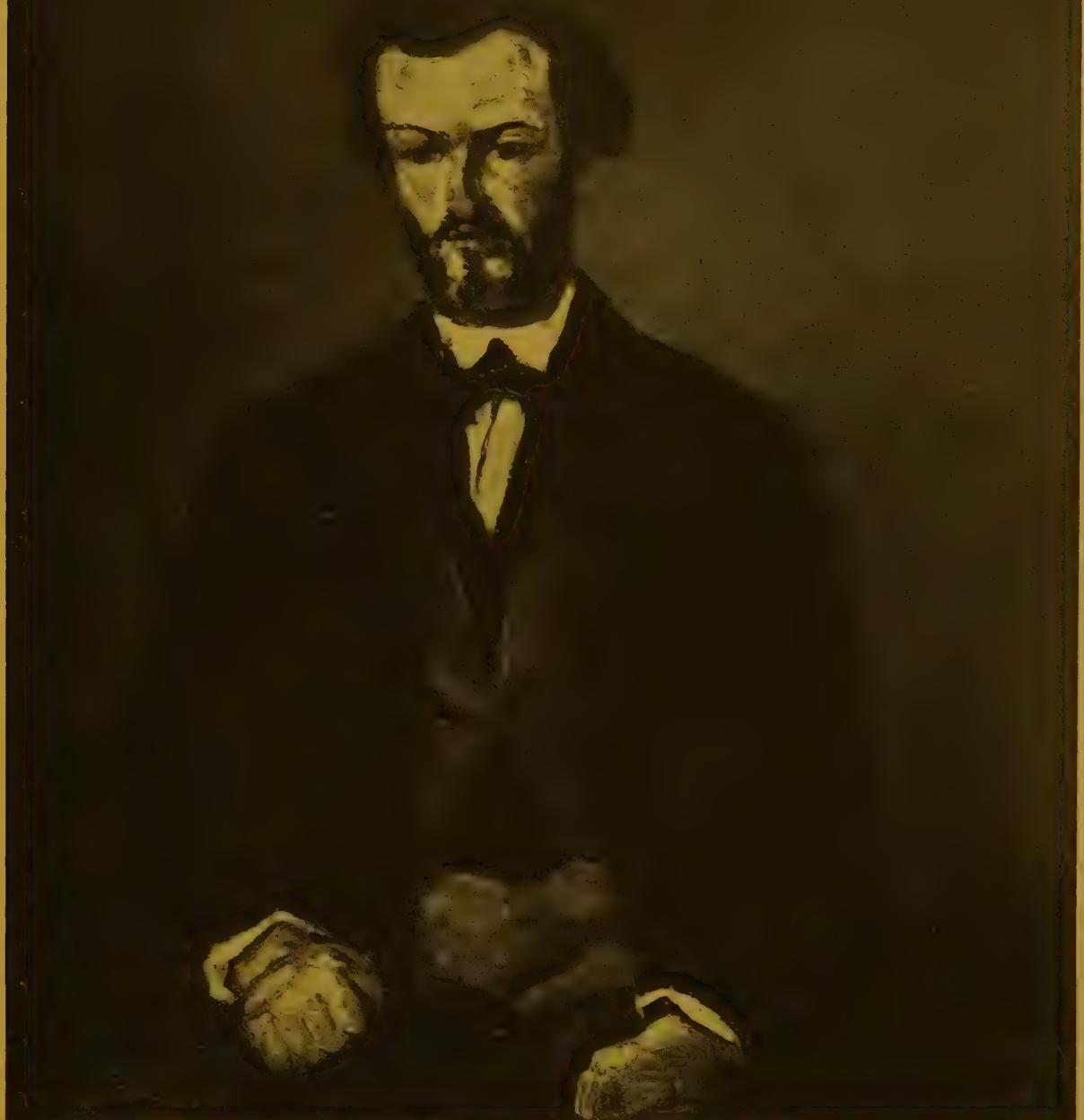


Fig. 8. Cézanne: "Portrait of Valabrègue," 1865-66. Collection J. V. Pellerin, Paris. Photo Bernheim Jeune, Paris

ters, the first of which has been lost. The second is worth repeating here because it gives Cézanne's own statement about an event upon which the Marion-Morstatt letters throw additional light. We quote Vollard's transcription of Cézanne's letter from the archives of the Louvre, dated April 19, 1866:

"Monsieur,

"Recently I had the honor of writing to you concerning two canvases which the jury has just refused.

"Since you have not yet replied, I feel that I must insist on the motives which caused me to address myself to you. Since you have no doubt received my letter, I need not repeat here the arguments which I thought it necessary to put before you. I shall content myself with saying once more that I cannot accept the unfair judgment of colleagues to whom I myself have not given the authority to appraise me.

"I write to you then to emphasize my demand. I wish to appeal to the public and to have my pictures exhibited in spite of the jury. My desire does not seem to me extravagant, and if you ask any of the painters who find themselves in my position, they will all reply that they disown the jury and that they wish to take part in one way or another in an exhibition which should be open as a matter of course to every serious worker.

"Therefore let the *Salon des Refusés* be re-established. Should I find myself alone in my demand, I sincerely desire that the public at least should know that I no longer wish to have anything more to do with these gentlemen of the jury than they seem to wish to have to do with me.

"I hope, Monsieur, that you will not choose to remain silent. It seems to me that any polite letter deserves an answer.

"Accept, I beg you, the assurance of my most cordial regard.

Paul Cézanne."

There is no record of Cézanne's having had a reply even to this, his second letter; but on the letter itself Vollard found the following official notation:

"What he asks is impossible. We have come to realize how inconsistent with the dignity of art the Exhibition of *Refusés* was, and it will not be re-established."

The Rejections of 1867 and 1868

It is interesting to find that Zola as well as Marion felt that Cézanne's campaign against the *Salon* would prove a long affair. On June 14, 1866, two months after Marion's letter, Zola



Fig. 9. Manet: "The Fife-player." Rejected by the *Salon* of 1866 but now for many years proudly displayed by the Musée du Louvre

wrote from Paris to Numa Coste, another member of the Aix group:

"Paul was refused as we expected, so were Solari and all the people you know. They settled down to work again for they are certain that they must wait another ten years before they can have themselves accepted."¹³

Zola had just published in *L'Évènement* his articles furiously attacking the policy of the *Salon*—articles which, when they later appeared in book form, were dedicated to Cézanne. But Zola's assaults only strengthened the stubborn opposition of the *Salon* jury. In the following year he wrote Valabregue, April 4, 1867:

"Paul is refused, Guillemet is refused, everyone is refused; the Jury, irritated by my 'Salon,' has shut the door on all those who take the new road."¹⁴

Marion, in writing to Morstatt, does not mention the *Salon* of 1867 to which Zola refers, but in a letter of April, 1868, he continues the story:

"And this drawing [a sketch of Marion's on the letter paper] leads me to tell you about Paul and about realist painting of the moment. Realist painting, my dear fellow, is farther than ever from official success and it is quite certain that Cézanne has no chance of showing his work in officially sanctioned ex-

hibitions for a long time to come. His name is already too well known, too many revolutionary ideas in art are connected with it; the painters on the jury will not weaken for an instant. I admire Paul's persistence and nerve. He writes: 'Well! They'll be blasted in eternity with even greater persistence.'

"Nevertheless he ought to think up some different and still more effective method of publicity. He has now reached a truly amazing degree of science. All excessive ferocities have softened and I believe that the time will come when time and circumstances will offer him the chance of achieving a great deal." (Letter 30, Marseilles, April 27, 1868.)

Cézanne's Motives

Marion's use of the word "*publicité*" has a highly contemporary ring. Apparently Manet, Cézanne and the heroes of the *avant-garde* of the 1860's knew the value of publicity just as well as Courbet¹⁵ in the '50's or the Impressionists in the '70's. Cézanne "hopes" that he may "not be accepted" at the *Salon* of 1866 and his friends are "preparing an ovation." Certainly his choice of the *Après-midi à Naples* to send before the *Salon* jury could not have been more calculated to offend official taste. The picture is now lost but to judge from subsequent and doubtless milder versions it must have been one of the most extravagantly violent of all Cézanne's works. A Soutine, a Kokoschka or a Rouault might have had more chance of acceptance.

Why, one wonders, did Cézanne "hope" for rejection? Surely it was not merely an interest in publicity which moved him to this rather perverse sentiment, nor bohemian joy in baiting *Salon* jurymen, nor even anticipatory sour grapes; though each of these motives may have contributed to his state of mind. It is just possible, too, that his letter to Nieuwerkerke following the rejection in 1866 was not a simple matter of cause and consequence but rather the last step in a premeditated campaign calculated to force the re-opening of the *Salon des Refusés*. His rejection would in this case have been a strategic necessity.

Yet, whatever may have been his motives, it is hard to believe that Cézanne really wanted to be refused; otherwise he would not have continued with such pathetic persistence to send his canvases to the *Salon* year after year only to have them rejected. Cézanne was naively ambitious. Moreover he seems to have felt the need during these early years for some confirmation of success with which he might reassure both himself and his recalcitrant father. One may conclude that behind his "hope" of refusal there really lurked a concealed but more genuine desire for acceptance. It seems quite probable that he would gladly have foregone a martyr's crown and the "ovation" prepared by his friends had he been able to enter at this time the portals of what he was later to call with mingled envy and contempt the "*Salon de Bouguereau*."

Cézanne, Manet and Guillemet

Cézanne's two pictures must have played no small part in affronting the *Salon* jury of 1866, but it was Manet, more than any other, who had been primarily responsible for the overwhelming rejection of the "realists"—not of course because of his rather tame *Fife Player* which was refused but because of the *Olympia*, figure 10, which had been accepted the year before by a lenient jury. The matter-of-fact and pub-



Fig. 10. Manet: "Olympia." When shown in the *Salon* of 1865 was a storm center—now it is much admired in the Louvre

lic nakedness of this figure of a well known demirep had caused an extraordinary scandal which would naturally have moved the following year's jury to a resolutely reactionary policy.

Cézanne, although he never came to know Manet well, looked up to the older artist as a leader, one might almost say ringleader, in rebellion. In the letter (No. 5) of April 12, 1866, in which Marion writes so excitedly of the mass refusal of the whole realist school by the *Salon*, he also quotes a paragraph of a letter from Valabrègue:¹⁶

"Cézanne has already written to you about his visit to Manet. But he has not written to you that Manet saw his still lifes at Guillemet's. He found them powerfully treated. Cézanne is very happy about this, though he does not expatriate about his happiness and does not insist on it as is his wont. Manet is going to call on him. Parallel temperaments, they will surely understand one another."

Valabrègue's suggestion that Cézanne and Manet were "parallel temperaments" is, as Gerstle Mack has pointed out, a curious error in judgment. Manet's elegant worldliness and aristocratic poise could scarcely offer a more marked contrast to the irascibility, timidity and provincial awkwardness of Cézanne.

J. B. A. Guillemet, whose name occurs here and elsewhere in the Marion-Morstatt letters was a minor painter of Manet's circle, but a major friend of Cézanne at this time. Apparently he was among the few men able to win Cézanne's confidence. It is quite probable, in fact, that Guillemet was as

instrumental as Zola in bringing Cézanne into the group which was beginning to meet around Manet's table at the Café Guerbois in this same year of 1866. Later in the year, according to a letter of Marion's, dated October 6, Guillemet with his wife came down to Aix to join Cézanne and Valabrègue.¹⁷ There he went landscape painting with Marion as well as Cézanne. In a brief time, Marion writes, he painted "with fury a whole stack of canvases."

Guillemet was to become the only "successful" painter of the group. Although rejected along with the others during these early years, he had by 1882, attained not merely to the *Salon* but even to a position on the jury. It so happened that each juryman was allowed to admit one painting which the jury as a whole had rejected. Guillemet loyally used this privilege on behalf of Cézanne who in this somewhat humiliating way finally, and for the only time in his life, had a picture hung in the *Salon*. Eventually Guillemet, who had once "played the *cor-de-chasse*" and "painted with fury," who was said to have christened Cézanne's outrageous pictures and inspired Zola's attacks on the *Salon*, was awarded the Legion of Honor—and is today forgotten.

The Courbet and Manet Exhibitions of 1867

"Paul and I are planning to run up to Paris for a week in the middle of August. It would be fun to meet you there, but I scarcely dare hope for so much luck. We are going chiefly to



PHOTO COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Fig. 11. Courbet: "Les Demoiselles de Village," 1852. Now on loan at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

see the exhibitions of Manet and Courbet taking advantage of one of those excursion trains that go from Provence to Paris round trip for thirty francs." (Letter 20, Aix, June or July, 1867.)

So wrote Marion to Morstatt early in the summer of 1867, the year of the great Paris Exposition. But apparently Cézanne did not accompany him as they had planned for Marion writes again from Paris on August 15 (Letter 22) to say that he feels rather lost; so lost, in fact, that he plans to go to see Zola shortly:

"I have just been seeing some painting. The one-man show of Courbet is truly magnificent. There are some 300 superb paintings, all remarkable and the greater part of them complete. He is a man of immense and integral power.

"The Manet show is also exciting from a different point of view. His painting so amazed me that I had to make an effort to get used to it. But all in all these pictures are very fine, very 'seen' in their purity of tone. But his work has not reached its fullest bloom; it will become more complete and rich, I think. Very beautiful anyway and I feel immensely sympathetic towards this artist."

After he had returned to Aix and had had time to digest his Paris experiences, Marion writes Morstatt in more detail about the exhibitions:

Courbet's *Demoiselles de village*

"When I arrived [in Paris] I went to see the one-man shows of Courbet and Manet. My dear man, Courbet's show is extraordinary. To my mind it knocks out any possible exhibition of pictures. There are three hundred paintings there,

most of them masterpieces, some, his latest seem to have gone bad on him and they are quite awful: so bad they make you laugh. It's very funny.

"Among his earlier pictures there is a canvas which I consider to be *the best that has been done to this day in painting*. I mean his *Demoiselles de village*. In a brightly lighted mountain landscape, a kind of bowl crowned by banks of luminous rocks, a little girl watches her cattle grazing on the hill; a dog rolls around in the grass and three young ladies who have gone to the country for the afternoon with their lunches in baskets are giving some left-overs to the little girl who is shy as peasants are in every country. This canvas is astounding in its effect. The figures are fairly large, some ten centimetres at least and all the landscape is bathed in the most exciting golden light. I find this picture superior even to the Veroneses in the Louvre which, together with the Delacroixes are in my opinion the best paintings ever produced."

In 1920 *Les Demoiselles de village*, figure 11, was lent by Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham to the Metropolitan Museum where it now hangs seventy years after Marion saw it. The young ladies (who were Courbet's three sisters) are even bolder in scale than Marion remembered them but time has dulled somewhat the "exciting golden light." The informal, rather loose composition, the uncertainly placed and curiously out-of-scale heifers, the solid, palpable surfaces, have their virtues or faults; but taken as a whole the canvas is certainly no longer "astounding in its effect." By comparison with Veronese's sumptuousness, sense of style and supreme mastery of composition *Les Demoiselles* seems awkward and pedestrian.



Fig. 12. Courbet: "Bonjour, M. Courbet," 1854. In the Montpellier Museum

Bonjour, M. Courbet

Marion is more fortunate in his remaining remarks about Courbet; acute in his appraisal of Manet as an "incomplete" artist; and genuinely inspired in his single sentence about the comparative importance of Cézanne:

"Finally the famous picture called *Bonjour, M. Courbet* [figure 12]. Courbet comes back from a day of painting in the country, his kit on his back, his coat on his arm, his pick in his hand, his head carried high, his beard in the air so that it really seems to climb into the sky as some one remarked. He stands planted in a pose of unbelievable insolence, while two fellows bow to him cap in hand. The three figures are in the foreground of a very handsome landscape with distant horizons. A yellow stage coach such as one sees in Southern France rolls on the twining road. The painting is very fine and the whole picture irresistibly gay.

"As for Manet, he too has some good pictures in his show: *Olympia*, *Le Diner sur l'herbe*, some still-lifes, *Lola de Valence*, etc.; others are bad; but on the whole one feels his temperament to be fairly original and fairly brutal; incomplete nevertheless.

"But Paul [Cézanne] is really better than this. . ." (Letter 23, Aix, Sept. 6, 1867.)

Cézanne's Opinions

To what extent do these remarks of Marion's about painting reflect the opinions of his friend Paul? We can gather from other passages in his letters that Marion looked up to Cézanne as his mentor in painting. We know, too, from other

sources, of Cézanne's interest in the work of Courbet and Manet, his admiration for Veronese and his adoration of Delacroix, all of which coincide more or less with Marion's feelings. We can, then, be reasonably sure that Marion's opinions, if not specific echoes of Cézanne's, were very much under his influence. It is unlikely, however, that Cézanne inspired Marion's assertion that his friend at the age of twenty-eight was superior even to Manet, the most renowned painter of the decade. Cézanne believed in himself, and so did his friends but it was not 'til 1874 that he could write "I am beginning to find myself stronger than any of those around me. . ."¹⁸

"The English and Americans"

For Marion the Courbet and Manet exhibitions were the high points of his Paris trip but for the general public they were merely sideshows to the World's Fair. So Marion, though with a certain condescension, follows the crowd to the official art exhibition:

"The exposition is very fine and very curious. . . . The Fine Arts Gallery is interesting because it gives one a chance to compare and study contemporary art in the various foreign countries. It seems to me that at the moment only France possesses some artists, some landscapists and some genre painters. Elsewhere there are nothing but craftsmen, and men with purely technical ability—not a single painter. As for the English and the Americans, *mon cher*, they are literally crazy.¹⁹ (Letter 23, Aix, Sept. 6, 1867.)

(The final installment will appear next month.)



COURTESY KENNEDY & COMPANY

Edward Hopper: "The Evening Wind," Stands out with "East Side Interior" as among Hopper's best

EDWARD HOPPER'S ETCHINGS BY CHILDE REECE

ONE OF the paradoxes of print-making is that the most significant prints are made not by professional print-makers but by painters. With the possible exception of Méryon who, unfortunately, was color-blind, prints which have made art history stem from the brain and hand of master-painters rather than from etchers, lithographers, metal and wood engravers *per se*. Why this should be so is one of those mysteries which print-makers too seldom consider; perhaps it is a violation of professional etiquette to inquire into the sources of one's inspiration. But certain it is that without the vision of a Rembrandt, a Goya, a Whistler and other creative spirits like Manet, Delacroix, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Fantin-Latour, Pissarro, Forain, Segonzac, to name but a few of the higher hierarchy of painter-print-makers, the graphic media

would be deprived of the invigorating quality that is the very breath and sustenance of art. Even in our country it is Bellow, Arthur B. Davies and Childe Hassam, painters all, who have done more to promote fine prints than the legion of graphic artists whose only fault is that they work too hard and dream too little.

True, a print-maker's prints may often look more "professional" than a painter's—which only means that when the creative imagination is subordinated to technique a uniform degree of minor excellence is more easily attained. So too does a portrait by Sargent or Boldini have a more "professional" touch, a more beguiling air of rectitude than a similar work by Eakins or Cézanne—but at what expense to the sitter—and to art!

What is true of the past is true today; we have a host of print-makers who seldom rise above the level of their studio

tables and who make up in diligence what they lack in scope. Their intentions are good—but at this late day it is perhaps superfluous to repeat Oscar Wilde's epigram. As usual, it is the "amateur" print-maker who has pointed out the way, and in the oeuvre of Edward Hopper we have a stimulating force that has done much to redeem American prints from the energizing conceptions of the professionals.

Like Degas, Hopper is considered primarily a painter, and like the great Frenchman his etchings have an importance far greater than their limited number would indicate. Unfortunately, in both cases their black and white work is known to but few, for it seems a maxim that if an etcher produces a hundred indifferent plates he is better known than the man who does a dozen fine ones. (Quantity is not always a question of sustaining power; more often it is the mouthings of those who babble because they cannot speak.) As a painter, Hopper has definitely arrived; he is one of the paladins of American art and has succeeded in creating not only a style but a school. Even in those circles where he is not admired he is respected;

there is something about the painter's probity, his calm acceptance of the realities of existence, that removes him from the madding crowd of whirligig artists. Perhaps it is his complete indifference to artistic movements, his masculine self-sufficiency and lack of pretension that elicits the begrudging respect of his opponents. Other artists can seize upon the significance of a subject; what is peculiar to Hopper is that he does not let his emotions becloud the sanity of his judgment. The same severe and quiet strength that pervades his painting characterizes his etching; before both we are conscious not only of the finished product but of the man to whom art is an adequate vehicle for self-expression.

The American Scene so identified with Hopper emerges as stark and naked in his black and white as in his color. There is little glamour, little of the picturesque in the acid-bitten landscapes that shriek their ugliness to heaven, but how real and unforgettable they are! Prints like *The Railroad* and the *American Landscape* will live in our memory when others more pleasing have been relegated to the limbo of the inconsequen-

Edward Hopper: "Night in the Park." How heavy with summer night the atmosphere is charged

COURTESY KENNEDY & COMPANY



tial. In both plates the etching is brusque but forceful; Hopper bites deep, and in the very harshness of his line we discern a reluctance to mitigate effect by a refinement of texture. The *American Landscape*, a lonely house, with three cows crossing a railroad embankment, is the prototype of an entire school of American landscape. It is as uncompromising in its local color as it is terse in execution. Hopper's gloomy houses have an air of desolation the more pitiful since unredeemed by any act of drama. Like people who have never lived they are sad, lacking the capacity to suffer.

No, Hopper is certainly not a romantic, neither is he a crass realist. Like the unhappy Méryon he plucks mystery from the commonplace. Perhaps it is the commonplace that is the most mysterious, for surely it is nothing less than extraordinary that in a world subject to infinite change anything can remain constant. His etching, *Night in the Park*, seems trite enough, but it takes on added interest when we realize how heavy with summer night the atmosphere is charged, and how his sense of color escapes the chiaroscuro giving verisimilitude to the

tonal values. And this without benefit of the more subtle and exquisite play of line which marks such virtuosi as Méryon or Whistler! Mass and weight and raucous metal are conveyed by *The Locomotive*; and the *Night Shadows* has a haunting quality enhanced by the rather unusual point of view. Entirely different from the preceding, but in some respects the most important are the *Evening Wind* and *East Side Interior* which are concerned with the treatment of the figure, one nude, the other clothed, in relation to an interior. The latter plate, more completely carried out than most is particularly rich in texture and color, and replete with human significance. It is a vital masterpiece of American etching, and had Hopper done no others would alone have established his position among our foremost print-makers.

About half a dozen other etchings, among them *Les Deux Pigeons*—with its Gallic touch—concludes the short list. It is a pity he has not done more. Had Hopper wished he might have been as great an etcher as he is a painter: he chose rather to be a great influence.

Edward Hopper: "East Side Interior." Rich in color and texture, replete with human significance

COURTESY KENNEDY & CO.





ROSELLA HARTMAN: "COMPOSITION," DRAWING INCLUDED IN WHITNEY SHOW OF SCULPTURE, WATER COLORS, DRAWINGS AND PRINTS

SEEING THE SHOWS

IN NEW YORK, CAMBRIDGE, CHICAGO:

Reviews by HOWARD DEVREE, HELEN APPLETON READ, J. & M. THWAITES

WHITNEY MUSEUM'S SECOND INSTALLMENT

AS THE season has advanced in the New York museums and galleries, it has seemed to a number of the hardened gallery-goers that each week offered additional evidence of a generally higher level of work on display and a decline in the frequency of really exciting exhibitions. But perhaps after six months of thirty to fifty shows weekly one remembers the high spots of other years with exaggerated clearness. Certainly rewarding exhibitions have not been lacking, as three or four group shows and a half dozen solos current or but recently closed bear witness.

The Whitney having made the biennial of painting into an annual took the second step in the same direction with its exhibition of contemporary sculpture, drawings, prints and water colors. This change enables the Museum to put before the public each year in these two events work by more than four hundred artists. The change, furthermore, stresses the

interest of the Museum in behalf of deserving artists while they are yet alive. And it is to be noted, whether or not in connection with the preceding statement, that the WPA Federal Art Project at the opening of the current show pointed out that some seventy of the two hundred artists represented had been employed at some time in various phases of WPA work.

The Whitney annual of painting, as was duly pointed out at the time, was vital but somewhat strident. The present mixed show at the Museum is unostentatious and admittedly uneven; the Whitney has put on and will doubtless again put on better shows than either. But there is some outstanding sculpture in the present exhibition; the drawing section is excellent; many of the prints need no apologia. In the water color group, which is weakest, about a third of the papers possess merit not prejudiced by the statement that in many cases the work is not representative of the artists at their best. And a third of such a show of sixty papers is not a bad average. Here again perhaps it is the average rather than the exciting discovery which is memorable.



"MOVING THE BOULDER," BY HEINZ WARNEKE, SEEN AT THE WHITNEY SHOW

Really dominating the sculpture in size and majesty there is Robert Laurent's bronze *Woman*, less academic and more modern in manner than much of the artist's work. Heinz Warneke's plaster group *Moving the Boulder* might well be a memorial to labor and should prove one of Warneke's major accomplishments. Still more strictly modern in idiom is Arnold Ronnebeck's *Homage to Maurice Ravel*, a strikingly decorative semi-abstraction—individually worked out but with kinship to the recent sculpture of Zadkine and Lipchitz. There is S. F. Billotti's *Suzanne* in African wonder stone, a gracious figure. Dorothea Greenbaum has contrived to give her boyish subject childish dignity despite baggy trousers, and Betty Burroughs imparts grace to her *Woman*. Louis Slobodkin's *Beth-Sheba* is in strong and persuasive rhythms. Zorach's *Affection*, Carl Schmitz's *Seated Woman*, Milton Hebald's *Troubadour*, are other pieces which stand out. Young Hebald, who had his first show earlier in the season at the A. C. A. Gallery, will bear watching.

The drawings run the gamut from the meticulous poetry of Rosella Hartman (ink and brush), the finished Grant Wood rural subject (charcoal), to the almost abstract photographic clarity of Charles Sheeler (a rock formation in conté crayon) and the sweeping violence of Adolf Dehn's *Swinging at the Savoy* (brush) and Paul Cadmus' depiction of *The Wild Party* (pen and pencil). Bernard Karfiol's figure, Jared French's *Boys on a Dock*, Andree Ruellan's *Side Show* (black chalk), Denys Wortman's humor and Art Young and William Gropper in their biting social comment provide other high spots. The print section includes such diverse work as Vera Andrus'

Leaves of the Sea (a lightly effective lithograph), Mabel Dwight's resurgent *Queer Fish*, John Costigan's *Refugees*, an etching as typical as his painting in construction and in explicit human sympathy, Russell Limbach's color lithograph *The Crow Tree*, Raphael Soyer's tender *Spring*, George Picken's bleak lithograph landscape and Margery Ryerson's sketchily suggestive *Fun*, a drypoint economical to the point of being laconic. Irwin Hoffman, Thomas Handforth, William McNulty, Nan Lurie, Robert Riggs and Stow Wengenroth are others who acquit themselves well.

Lucille Blanch's *Night Worker* is a moving water color of a scrubwoman that compasses solidity and simplicity. Effectively simple, too, are Stevan Dohanos' narrow vista of flowers seen beyond and beneath a freight car as the artist glanced between the wheels, and Howard Ahrens' still life of spools and scissors on a table. Peggy Bacon's *City Lights* is witty counterpoint involving a cigarette and a much larger luminary. Bertram Hartman has made his *Christmas Basket* yield fruit like jewelled baubles while Paul Sample works in monotone in his *Vermont Farm*. Nan Watson's *Pear Orchard* in bloom, seen in her show at Kraushaar's earlier, and Georges Schreiber's *Clam Diggers*, in his show at the A. C. A. in February, both bear reacquaintance. Andrew Wyeth, after his successful exhibition at Macbeth's, has chosen to be represented by a large loose paper which does him little credit. Vaclav Vytlacil has a gay semi-abstraction. Emil Ganso, John Whorf, Hardie Gramatky, Emil Holzhauer, Millard Sheets are hardly seen at their best. James Turnbull's *Company Houses* is a muted piece of propaganda far more effective than the combined

presentments of lynching which each season brings forth. But this water color section as a whole remains disappointing despite the presence of work by the above mentioned artists and by Hopper, Burchfield, Steig and two score others in addition. Nevertheless the Whitney exhibition, for variety and contrasts, is one of the outstanding presentations of the season, even though it does not point, in any of the fields compassed, a new or determinate trend.

SHOWS WITH A THEME

SOME OF the most interesting shows come about as benefits for philanthropic or other organizations. Such is the case of the loan exhibition, *Great Portraits from Impressionism to Modernism*, which has just closed at Wildenstein's, held for the benefit of the Public Education Association. More than a dozen private collections, several museums and galleries cooperated and the result was an aggregation of familiar and unfamiliar canvases by Cézanne, Manet, Berthe Morisot, Renoir, Gauguin, Derain, Pascin, Picasso, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Dali, Modigliani, Rouault, Degas, Laurencin, Matisse and Forain, some fifty works in all. Old favorites such as *L'Arlesienne* from the Lewisohn Collection appeared with the *Achille De Gas* from the Chester Dales—that lovely Degas boy in uniform—and the Matisse *Helène* of 1937 vintage: the sitter enveloped in an amazing blue, red, white and rose striped garment with the palest green front of the drapery underneath causing a veritable catch of the breath. This was lent by Alfred Stern. Wildenstein showed their own Lautrec of Jane Avril with knee raised and Durand-Ruel the unforgettable portrait of Wilde. Renoir's 1872 right profile self-portrait came from the Taylor Collection in Philadelphia and Morisot's delightful *Mme. Hismes* from Edward G. Robinson of Beverly Hills, California. Frank Crowninshield lent the Picasso cubistic portrait of Bracque (1909) and Edward Warburg *Le Garçon Bleu* of 1905. To call any Laurencin a self-portrait seems a work of supererogation and this one was no exception. The Manet *Portrait of a Lady* (pastel on canvas, 1879) from



the Lewisohn collection proved a favorite, with its gentle oriental suggestion. The somewhat diabolical red-and-yellow Gauguin self-portrait from the Dale Collection was another center of attention. A second small self-portrait is very similar to one in the Museum of Western Art in Moscow.

In his foreword to the catalog of the "Tragic Painters" exhibition at the Bignou Gallery, Stephan Bourgeois strove to make a general point and instead showed that each of the



Above and left:
**TWO SCULPTURES
FROM GERMANIC
MUSEUM SHOW:
"SEATED GIRL"
BY SCHEIBE &
"SLEEPING DOE"
BY SINTENIS**

painters represented—Rouault, Soutine, Pascin, Modigliani, Van Gogh, Utrillo—had an individual problem. To some extent almost any painter might be a tragic painter, for he must exercise choice and encounter conflict. Is not the paradox of opposed needs felt by every creator? What the show chiefly accomplished was to bring together some paintings not previously seen in New York. Van Gogh's *Moulin de la Galette* dates from 1886 and the very satisfying *Arles: Les Nuages Mouvements* of 1890 is one of his most gratifying landscapes. The Utrillo *Bal Musette, Place de la Contrescarpe*, is from 1911, a white saturation, one of his most significant canvases. The other paintings, except for a heavy Rouault flower piece, added little to our knowledge of the artists and their work.

Continuing their policy of moderately priced small pictures by well known artists to attract the young collector, the Perls Galleries have put on an amusing show of canvases by modern French "primitives," perhaps as a herald of the Museum of Modern Art's big forthcoming exhibition of European and American "primitives." The prizes are Bombois' fisherman with a panorama of steeply angled fields beyond the river reflected in the water with super-camera clarity, and a Ta-



FREDERIC TAUBES: "GIRL ON THE TERRACE" INCLUDED IN HIS ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT THE MIDTOWN, APRIL 11 TO 30

hitian sailor-native-girls-and-sailboat idyl by Urbain-Faurec. Bauchant, Vivin (an accurately cobblestoned street scene), Brisset and Eve are others with paintings in the show.

ONE MAN SHOWS

A ROUND half dozen of the recent or current one-man shows reveal notable gains by the respective artists—and a diverse half dozen they are. Gropper sent this year to the A. C. A. Gallery some canvases that seemed nearer to the Joe Jones of the wheatfield themes in subject and color than to his own earlier and more flatly painted social comment canvases in monotonous. His forms are more fully realized, his composition is sounder, his color brighter and more attractive. Is it then carping to wonder if some of the strength and vitality of his trenchant early work have not been sapped in the process and to wonder further whether he cannot find some way of combining the best of old and new in his next show to obtain both strength and warmth? All who have watched his progress will hope so.

Jean Charlot who has been exhibiting water colors at Georgette Passedoit's has also been freeing his rhythms and lightening his hues. He still presents Mexican women and children in squat strength—a veritable Mexican idiom—but these late papers are airy, clear in color and gay by comparison with his earlier, darker and more statically mural compositions. To me the work is a spirited improvement.

Another water colorist whose improvement is marked is Thomas Nagai, a Japanese-American, who shows at the Uptown. Working through difficulties of construction and sombre tone in oil and gouache, he has emerged into a realm of his own, curiously blended of sketchy oriental fantasy and occidental treatment. From a period of discouragement and personal handicap he has evolved these lyric scenes of boats



"THE UPSTAIRS," OIL BY CHARLES SHEELER AT THE DOWNTOWN'S EXHIBITION OF WORK BY KARFIOL, KUNIYOSHI, SHEELER, MARIN, O'KEEFFE



Left: "PITCHING HAY," OIL BY WILLIAM GROPPER SHOWN AT A. C. A. GALLERY

Below: WATER COLOR BY THOMAS NAGAI: "CANADIAN CASCADE," UPTOWN GALLERY

that seem enchanted on streams like none on earth, between marvelous mountains, varying them with sound western world landscape from which the oriental note is quite absent. Some of the oils, such as the queerly balanced *Boat House* and the striking interior with window landscape vista are also well in advance of anything he has yet painted.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt who is exhibiting at Lilienfeld's a new crop of vigorous landscapes of New Mexico and the Delaware Water Gap retains something characteristically Scandinavian in his brush work while exploring from his own personal angle a field between Vlaminck and Segonzac. His tree paintings are sometimes almost abstractions. His skies are dramatic. His rhythms are big and bony. There is loneliness and the sense of great space in his work, with man and his habitations small and ephemeral intruders. There is so much strength and near-to-earth vitality in these canvases that he can introduce yellow and pink into his skies without the slightest sentimentality. Despite occasional high color the work remains grim and uncompromising: you may take it or leave it but you cannot ignore it once you have seen it.

Perhaps the most striking development in the work of Frederic Taubes at the Midtown Galleries is his turning from low-keyed flatly painted forms reminiscent of Greco-Roman wall or vase paintings to rounded and more vital people for whom deep lovely reds and luscious greens have come into their raiment. An air of classic nostalgia clings about some of the postures but if these new people have not been galvanized into action, they have at any rate come to inhabit a pleasant world of reality with a nice interweaving of hues as in the *Summer Evening idyl*, in which balance of construction and persuasive range of color are subtly effected. Taubes is an artist to whom paint quality and meticulous brush work are more than phrases.



After a decade without a show, Harry Wickey, who has lately taken up sculpture in addition to drawings and prints, is presenting a mixed grist at Weyhe's. His checkered experi-



"TYRINGHAM VALLEY," AN OIL BY GEORGE PICKEN IN HIS CURRENT ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT THE MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY

ence as farm hand, railway platform guard and illustrator have stood him in good stead. His eye is sure, his line expressive, his draftsmanship, one would almost say, beyond question. His horses and dogs and wrestlers are sprung from the earth and have an earthy reality and strength. It is work well worth the attention of all lovers of black-and-white. The sketchy economical drawings of twenty years ago reveal Wickey's reverence for certain old masters, but in that intervening time he has worked out a fine personal mode of expression in his drawings, etchings and lithographs. One or two of the pieces of sculpture show decidedly more than mere promise.

The Municipal Gallery after its first year in a rambling old residence on Fifty-third Street has gone uptown in a notable manner, the Thomas Fortune Ryan estate having made available the new and truly luxurious quarters at Three East Sixty-seventh Street. Here Marechal Landgren continues to function as impresario and arbiter for the Municipal Art Committee of which Mrs. Henry Breckenridge is chairman. Twenty-seven exhibitions of four groups each (the artists form groups outside the gallery and petition for an opportunity to show) have been held; nearly eleven hundred so far have had a chance to exhibit. An average of more than forty are represented for three weeks at a time. Thus far an impartial balance has been held between well-known and un-

known, conservative and radical. The level of work exhibited is at least up to the mill run of gallery work—and elders of the academy, pillars of the Art Students League and the self-taught fledgling exhibit side by side. Better known artists have increased among the exhibitors and the attendance and sales have been gratifying.—HOWARD DEVREE.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN SCULPTURE

THE SURVEY of contemporary German sculpture which is being shown at the Germanic Museum at Harvard University during April, although not the first to have been shown in this country, is probably the most carefully edited. Pruned of all elements which are now seen to have had a merely fashionable or decorative appeal, it has concentrated on those artists who in the opinion of many art lovers have made twentieth-century German sculpture second to no other contemporary school. Commencing with Barlach and Lehmbruck and ending with Gerhard Marcks, the exhibition represents a generation. Other artists included are Emmy Roeder, Richard Scheibe and Renee Sintenis. Although there are many promising artists younger than Marcks not included in the exhibition, he must still be ranked with the younger generation and be rated its most representative member. Just as Lehmbruck and Kolbe have been major influences during the last twenty

years, so Marcks, who was a pupil of Kolbe and Scheibe, has directed the trend of the generation now growing to maturity.

It is singularly appropriate that this survey should have its initial showing at the Germanic Museum. Ever since it was founded in the early 1900's, sculpture has been emphasized as being one of the most effective mediums for presenting constant and essential characteristics of German culture. The first examples, a gift from the German Emperor, were the imposing life-size facsimiles of Gothic and Renaissance sculpture from Naumburg and Mainz. In those days casts were not the anathema that they are today. In recent years the museum has concentrated on originals, and under the direction of Dr. Charles Kuhn, important examples of contemporary German sculpture have been added.

As time gives perspective to Germany's artistic expression of the last thirty years, it becomes increasingly evident that it is the sculptors who have made the most impressive contribution, who have summed up in their work, not only the essence of their time but have continued to give a vital expression to a native tradition.

Barlach and Lehmbruck, each in his distinctive manner, give a more authentic expression of that effort to find a way back to native sources of tradition characteristic of the pre-war point of view, than do, for example, Nolde, Heckel and Schmidt-Rotluff. Those who visited the *Entartete Kunst* Exhibition in Munich last summer felt that the paintings dated, while the sculpture, for the most part, retained its vitality.

Barlach's deeply emotional earth-bound figures, Lehmbruck's brooding, spiritualized forms, restate the Gothic tra-

dition of a Claus Berg, a Riemenschneider, or the anonymous carvers of Mainz, of Bamberg and of Naumburg.

So much has been written about Barlach, Lehmbruck and Kolbe that it seems superfluous to add any further word of appraisement or appreciation except to mention that Kolbe is represented with a group of recently completed figure compositions and portrait busts, several of which were shown in the Kolbe exhibition held at the Buchholz Gallery in February. Incidentally the greater part of the exhibition comes from this gallery where the wide experience and sure taste of its director, Mr. Curt Valentin, is providing art lovers an opportunity of seeing outstanding examples of contemporary German art.

If Barlach and Lehmbruck restate the Gothic tradition, then the rhythmic grace and movement of Kolbe's figures must claim relationship to the baroque. Kolbe, it will be remembered, was a pupil of Rodin's, and the use of light and shadow to enhance his effects is possibly due as much to the great Belgian's influence as it is an indication of a rebirth of the baroque.

The inclusion of Richard Scheibe, Kolbe's friend and contemporary, is important. Not only because Scheibe is a distinguished sculptor whose work is not known in this country, but also because he forms a link between the Lehmbruck-Kolbe generation and the younger group. Scheibe's work has much in common with Kolbe's. But there is a greater emphasis on pure form and less of Kolbe's impressionistic treatment of surfaces. And the lyric note which predominates in Kolbe's sculpture gives place to a graver, more spiritual quality.

(Continued on page 246)



FRENCH PRIMITIVE
AT THE PERLS GALLERIES,
"LE PECHEUR
ABOUGIVAL" PAINTING BY C. BOMBOIS



"Chestnut Trees at Jas de Bouffan" by Cézanne, the first Post-Impressionist painting to be included in the Frick Collection of New York

ACTIVITY

Frick Collection Buys a Cézanne

THE FIRST Post-Impressionist picture to be acquired by the Frick Collection of New York is *Chestnut Trees at Jas de Bouffan*, a canvas that represents Cézanne at his best. Classically simple in design, masterly in the treatment of forms receding into space, the painting depicts a double row of chestnut trees on Cézanne's country place near Aix-en-Provence. Mont Sainte Victoire, which appears so often in the artist's work, is seen in the background. Even in reproduction the superb draftsmanship and handling of perspective are seen to advantage. The colors are the blues, greens and grays that predominate in many of Cézanne's landscapes.

Formerly in the Fabbri Collection, Florence, the painting was bought through Wildenstein and Company, New York. It was shown in the first loan exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1929 and has often been reproduced and frequently mentioned in Cézanne literature.

The acquisition of a Post-Impressionist painting marks a distinct departure for the Frick Collection. Previous purchases have indicated a predilection for French eighteenth-century

NEWS OF THE SEVERAL ARTS AND OF FEDERATION CHAPTERS

painting. Is it any indication that eventually the collection will include contemporary art? We hope so.

The Story of the Armory Show

A "SHOCKER" that startled American consciousness and opened new paths of creative expression was the Armory Show of 1913, which introduced America to so-called modern art.

In a slim booklet dedicated to the American artists of the future Walt Kuhn has written a lively account of the Armory Show. He was executive secretary of the undertaking and is the only man alive today who participated in all its activities here and abroad from beginning to end. It is indeed fortunate that he has had the enterprise to give his account of a unique event in American art history, an event which he feels affected our entire American culture.

It is interesting that Mr. Kuhn should place first and foremost as a result of the Armory Show the effect on business . . . "Business caught on immediately, even if the artists did not at once do so. The outer appearance of industry absorbed the lesson like a sponge. Drabness, awkwardness began to dis-

appear from American life, and color and grace stepped in. Industry certainly took notice. The decorative elements of Matisse and the cubists were immediately taken on as models for the creation of a brighter, more lively America."

Without the Armory Show, Mr. Kuhn believes that many great exhibitions since then could not have appeared—the Museum of Modern Art in New York would never have been possible.

Virginia Museum's First Biennial

The Desert Plant by Henry Lee McFee (reproduced in color in the March, 1937, issue of the MAGAZINE OF ART) and *The Peach Jacket* by Eugene Speicher were purchased by the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts and awarded the John Barton Payne Medal in the first biennial exhibition of contemporary American paintings. Seven other canvases were recommended for purchase, as follows: *Doris Lee* by Arnold Blanch, *The Lute* by Gladys Rockmore Davis, *Things on an Iron Chair* by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, *The Bowl* by Reginald Marsh, *The Blocks* by Antonio P. Martino, *Spring* by Henry E. Mattson and *Still Life with Two Tables* by Max Weber. The Jury was composed of Edward Hopper, Chairman, Daniel Garber, Charles Hopkinson, John Carroll and Bernard Karfiol. Out of 1,551 paintings submitted, 183 were hung.

The exhibition will continue to April 24.

Art in Honolulu

THE TENTH Annual Exhibition of the Association of Honolulu Artists held at the Honolulu Academy of Arts in March was hailed as the finest show ever presented by Honolulu artists. Particular mention was given the fine showing of the younger group and the strength of the sculpture section. From 195 entries, 87 paintings and 20 pieces of sculpture were selected.

The gold medal in sculpture was awarded to Alice Judd for *The Good Earth*, cut direct from stone. First award in painting went to Isami Doi for *Girl with Cigarette*. The Honolulu Art Society purchased for the Academy collection water colors by Ben Norris and John Olsen.

Hearst Holdings

NO ONE seems to know quite how many castles and churches have been depleted to augment the fabulous and catholic collection of William Randolph Hearst, but it is announced that about one-third of his vast holdings will be sold through Parish-Watson and Company, New York dealers, in the near future. Newspaper reporters have made good stories about the huge warehouse above the East River which they claim in truth does contain a complete monastery brought from Spain and at least fifty rooms torn from old world palaces and baronial halls, the proceeds from which often enabled them to modernize their entire establishments. Deep in the interior of the warehouse is said to be a vault with sliding racks on which hang more than two hundred paintings.

The sale may extend over a period of years. At present no definite plans have been made to offer any of the works at auction. Work on a catalog has been in progress since December and its completion is still in the future. At present the contents of the collection and its value are largely a matter of speculation.

Winners at Syracuse

WINNERS in the Twelfth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Syracuse held during March at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, were as follows: First prize in oils to Marion Bruce Zimmer for a still-life entitled *New Jersey Fish*, second prize to Wilfred J. Addison for *Pearl Street*; first prize in water colors to Lee Brown Coye, second prize to Merrill Bailey; ceramic prize to Stephen L. Arnold; special citation of merit to David Perlmutter for two wood carvings.

Lee Coye, first prize winner in water colors and last year's winner in oils, is a young painter who executed murals for the Cazenovia High School under the Public Works of Art Project.

Important Architectural Competition

UNDER THE joint auspices of the Museum of Modern Art and the Architectural Forum, Wheaton College (oldest institution in this country for "advanced female education") has announced a competition to select an architect for a half-million dollar art center. Details of the competition, which is open to all architects in the United States, were published in the February issue of the *Architectural Forum*. Names of the jurors will not be announced until the first day of judging, June 2, 1938. The competition will close at midnight on May 24, 1938.

Invited by the College to compete were four leading architectural firms—Gropius and Breuer, Cambridge, Mass.; William Lescaze, New York; Lyndon and Smith, Detroit; and Richard J. Neutra, Los Angeles. All have accepted.

"*The Good Earth*," head carved in stone by Alice Judd, winner of gold medal for sculpture at the Association of Honolulu Artists exhibition



Contemporary ideas in architecture are desired for the new center, which yet must blend with an early Victorian building and an assortment of Colonial-Georgian red brick edifices. It will be erected on a wooded part of the College grounds, separated from the present group by a pond.

Government Sculpture for the World's Fair

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT Section of Painting and Sculpture has been designated to carry out the painting and sculpture program for the decoration of the United States Government Building at the New York World's Fair. In this connection they have issued a special bulletin announcing a national sculpture competition and outlining a proposed painting and sculpture program which they hope to be able to carry out in full, contingent upon the funds available after the cost of building construction has been determined.

The sculpture competition, open to all American sculptors, is for two heroic sculptures and two reliefs to decorate the south façade of the Government Building at the New York World's Fair, 1939. Subject matter has been left to the device of the artists in giving concrete form to the ideas of Peace and Unity. Ten thousand dollars will be paid for each combination of sculpture and relief, which sum must cover the complete cost of execution and installation.

Every sculptor wishing to enter the competition must signify his intention by writing to Edward Bruce, Section of Painting and Sculpture, Treasury Department, Procurement Division, Washington, D. C.



Child's rendering of "Don Quixote" from Humor in Art, one of the exhibitions inaugurated this year at the Children's Gallery, Federal Art Project, 816 Independence Ave., Washington

Another Important Contribution by the Kress Foundation
ROLLINS COLLEGE, Winter Park, Florida, has received a second gift from the Samuel H. Kress Foundation—a polyptych in tempera representing seven saints, a Tuscan fourteenth-century work.

Last May the Foundation gave the college a fifteenth-century Florentine painting—*Madonna and Child Enthroned* by Cosimo Rosselli.

Mariniana

EMANATING FROM An American Place is John Marin's letter in verse-prose "To My Paint Children," wherein the noted aquarellist carries on about his oil paintings, his latest development. Mr. Marin is a very gifted water color painter, a less gifted painter in oils, and has been an etcher of no mean ability. However important his accomplishments in art (and time may be a more severe judge than us mortals) one questions the worth of his flights into language.

When Marin utters:

"yes you are incomplete—you are
not quite rigged up—there'll be here and there
a—missing—to complete your balanced order

"That's where your Poppa hasn't
quite clicked—your baffled Poppa—still you
have each and everyone *somewhat* clicked—some
few of you *somewhere* clicked . . ."

one can hardly help concluding that not only Poppa is baffled, but Poppa's manager as well. The usually astute Mr. Stieglitz, might be well advised to keep his fledgling's verbal attempts for the delectation of his faithful and uncritical coterie, where they would do the least harm.

Washington Symphony Drive Goes Over

IF, AS has often been claimed, residents of the nation's capital are lacking in civic consciousness and appreciation of the arts, it is not apparent in their splendid response to the drive for funds for the National Symphony Orchestra. Recently the campaign was brought to a triumphant close with the goal of \$103,000 reached and money still coming in. Washington is therefore assured another season of symphony concerts by its own orchestra.

Regional Fine Arts Conference

THE COLORADO SPRINGS Fine Arts Center will be the headquarters for a conference on the fine arts for schools, colleges and universities of the Rocky Mountain region, arranged in conjunction with Colorado College. It will be held April 29 and 30. Included will be exhibitions, classroom and studio demonstrations and conferences in music, theatre, dance and the visual arts. There will be a state exhibition of children's art sponsored by the Colorado Division of the American Association of University Women in cooperation with the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and the Chappell School of Art of Denver. In addition to local and regional leaders, among those attending the conference will be Mrs. Juliana Force, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Mrs. Edith J. R. Isaacs, Editor of Theatre Arts Monthly; and Eric T. Clarke, Director of the Concert Project of the Association of American Colleges. (Continued on page 244)



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NEW BOOKS ON ART

A Major Contribution

Six Centuries of Fine Prints. By Carl Zigrosser. New York, 1937. Covici-Friede. Price \$5.

THIS IS one of the best books on the graphic arts that has come down the pike in a generation. Every page breathes the excitement of its subject and the humanized intelligence of its author. In Carl Zigrosser's competent hands the comparatively young art of printmaking becomes an adventure in ideas and not merely a recitation of facts.

Such a book as this has been on the "wanted" list for a long time. The substitutes which we have been obliged to accept in the past have been, with few exceptions, either above the head of the average reader or an insult to his intelligence. Carl Zigrosser does not assume that his readers are either specialists or morons. And without resorting to an esoteric or puerile vocabulary he succeeds admirably in communicating his thoughts and observations—and profoundly considered ones they are too.

For besides having a firm grasp of his subject—its history and techniques—he brings to his task a broad knowledge of social-economic events and their close relation to patterns of culture. A print for our author is, therefore, not just a piece of challenging iconography—the happy hunting ground of most critics—but a product of creative man that clearly reflects his spirit as well as the spirit of his age.

Those who have the good fortune to read this book will be delighted to discover that prints are not just pieces of paper on which men have inscribed the microcosm of their own personal perceptions, but pages torn from the larger chronicle of humanity; they will find themselves pleasurabley absorbing essential information about the subject without ever being troubled by the painful sensation that they are in the presence of a pedagogue. While basic facts play their appropriate role, they are never exploited for their own sake but become jumping-off places for new ideas or relationships.

In a sentence or a paragraph Carl Zigrosser brilliantly sets the stage for the artist-protagonists who are to walk its footlights. "The Gothic," he remarks synoptically in an early chapter devoted to this period, "was a credulous age of beautiful legend and little science, of touching faith and macabre humor, of unworldliness and chivalry, of starving serfs, of uncertain life and violent death." His estimates of single personalities are no less meaningful. In his chapter on the Seventeenth Century he says of Rubens: "He was a man of action: he painted pictures as a general would direct an army or a prince rule a principality."

Of the book's six chapters (not taking into account a meaty introduction and an equally substantial postlude in the form of a Note on Oriental Art) spanning as many centuries of printmaking, Carl Zigrosser covers himself with distinction, especially in his chapter on the Twentieth Century. Nowhere

will you be likely to find a more penetrating analysis of the art and temper of our time. Though you may not always be fully prepared to share the author's convictions ("Possibly the Brotherhood of Man may become as powerful and sustaining an emotional drama as Nirvana or Redemption.") you will always find them worthy of your respect.

Anyone even remotely interested in art and artists will find *Six Centuries of Fine Prints* enormously valuable. Its five hundred excellent half-tone illustrations are alone worth the price of the book.—E. M. BENSON.

A World History of Art

A World History of Art. By Sheldon Cheney. New York, 1938. The Viking Press. Illustrated. Price \$5.00.

A World History of Art is not a completely satisfactory title for this provocative book. The author has done somewhat more and at the same time somewhat less than give a "systematic record of past events." According to his own words, he endeavored to write "an introduction to the experience of art . . . an approach illuminated by the guide's feeling," to significant manifestations of the spatial arts from prehistoric times. Because of this approach, certain phases of art receive considerable emphasis, while others which would seem to be equally significant, get little or none.

An author with the courage to undertake a compression of the visual arts of all times into a single volume, would be expected also to have the courage to infuse it with strong personal feeling. Mr. Cheney's contemporary viewpoint, solidly based on extensive knowledge of many periods of art, gives this book stimulating appeal, and commands the reader's respect, even though he may differ with the author on many points. Everyone capable of enjoying a good stiff argument with a worthy opponent, without slipping into a choleric rage, may perhaps get more out of this history of art, than out of certain standard works on the same subject, such as Helen Gardner's, Joseph Pijoan's and others written from the conventional standpoint. When one's ideas are challenged, one is obliged to give more thought to them—always an invigorating exercise. There are innumerable statements and implications in Mr. Cheney's history, with which many readers will disagree, according to the extent of their knowledge and the strength of their convictions.

At the outset Mr. Cheney states his own position, accepting "the judgment of the moderns who elevate El Greco to the top rank, because of an achieved plastic richness, a formal intensity, and mystic intimations." These not-easily-identified qualities constitute the author's criteria. In his opinion, "a test of art's permanent worth is its content of a quality of truth from regions beyond and above rational analysis." By this elusive standard, Greek art (of the Golden Age) comes

f very badly, as do many other periods of Western art, with
eir "humanistic, natural and intellectual" basis.

Oriental art he considers superior: "it is no longer possible
refuse to place the body of Asiatic art above that of any
her continent." His chapters on the art of China, India,
ambodia, Persia, etc., are excellent, both as to resumé and
terpretation. It is his conclusions that one questions. Is an
tellectual basis necessarily inferior to a spiritual one for art?
nce Western civilization has a predominantly rationalistic
asis, an "intellectual" art would appear to be its natural
nanation. By implication, inferiority would seem to apply
both.

In dealing with Rome, for example, which had "grand engineering and trivial art," Mr. Cheney finds the prime virtue
portrait busts to be their faithfulness to life; he describes
em as "an amazing record of character, and more explanatory
of Roman history than a hundred written volumes."
urely that is no mean achievement. An art which thus sums
o a long-dead civilization appears to have as valid a claim
importance, as some other art distinguished by its "formal
tensity and plastic richness."

The author conscientiously deals with most of the arts
which have been considered great, thus making his book a
prehensive reference text, even though he tempers his
clusion of certain manifestations with forthright denunciation: "Athena Parthenos must have been a horror;" "such
combinations as the Portland Vase;" and "if, rarely, the
emings attempt a nude, it is—well, terrible."

He considers the best European painting to be "Sienese,
orentine, Venetian, Rembrandt, El Greco." Michelangelo
the first genius in painting after Giotto. Cézanne is the outstanding
modern master, "who terminates one age and initiates another, who ushers in a school that overshadows all
ose of the preceding two centuries."

All of the masters of painting in between these peaks, as
well as masters of many other arts, are dealt with in a generally sympathetic, critical manner. The amount of information
Mr. Cheney encompasses is really staggering, in view of the
fact that he gives fairly extensive biographies of some of the
tists.

He ends his history of world art on an optimistic note. In
his final chapter, entitled "Always Another Dawn" (inaugurated by Cézanne and Van Gogh, aided by Gauguin and—all people—Whistler), he glances at contemporary painters,
culptors and architects in Europe and the United States,
who are working in the contemporary idiom. In his last para-
graph, he says "We seem today to be on the first courses of a
creative slope, after an epochal revolutionary turn." The in-
usions and omissions make this chapter the most fruitful of
controversy.

The approximately 500 illustrations are admirable. Brought
together from many sources, they include famous master-
pieces in various media, as well as little-known works of ob-
vious merit. The typography is excellent, winning the volume

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a place among the Fifty Books of the Year. It is easy to re Mr. Cheney's style is delightful, his phraseology frequent engaging. Although this introduction to art presupposes some knowledge of world history, he briefly sketches the historical background to each discussion, and effectively introduces anecdotes which illuminate or emphasize his arguments. The appendix includes a table of dates, periods of art, a descriptive bibliography and an index.—FLORENCE S. BERRYMAN

English Painting—English Taste

Modern Painting in England. By Mary Chamot. London: Country Limited. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. Price \$4.50.

IN WRITING the first general survey of modern English painting, Mary Chamot has limited the period to the last seven or five years, from Whistler to the present day. As she quite rightly points out in her introduction, "It is not claimed that England has produced anything as important as France in the last half-century, but our painting does reflect English life and English taste, and for that reason deserves to be treated consistently as a whole." This is exactly what Miss Chamot has set out to do, in orderly and chronological sequence.

A complete knowledge of any contemporary art is gained not so much by study and research as through the actual firsthand seeing and understanding of that art. Throughout this book Miss Chamot shows that she has been in close touch with both the paintings and the artists of her generation. In fact, her survey may seem at times almost too minute a review of specific pictures, and too painstaking an effort to analyze even the lesser painters. Her style is extremely conscientious and thorough, but rather lacking in humor and sparkle, qualities which are always acceptable even in a serious work.

Wisely realizing that too often disregarded truth, that writing about pictures can never be as expressive as the pictures themselves, Miss Chamot has generously included in the text a dozen fine color plates, and some seventy illustrations in black and white. Technically the book is well presented, with clear type and a careful attention to both color and details of the illustrations.

From the time of Whistler and the first break with literary painting, through the effects of Impressionism and the founding of the famous New English Art Club, open only, as George Moore said, "to those who paint for the joy of painting," this development leads on to a return to realistic portraiture with the work of Orpen, August John and Sir William Rothenstein. The time of the war came shortly after this shaking off of the Impressionist's teachings, and brought with it the simplified and abstract art of that period. From the brief duration of the Vorticists then, and the inundation of war inspired pictures reflecting the terrible stress of those intensely emotional years, Miss Chamot comes to her final study of the younger, present-day artists and their "search for a style." She frankly states the heart of the modern problem, when she writes, "Now that representation has been run to death, and moreover the camera has taken the actual task of making records out of the

artist's hand, he has instinctively returned to the artistic problems of design." With what originality the individual English painters have gone about producing a fresh artistic language, and what means they have found of expressing the age old problems of art in a form acceptable to modern thought, is then reviewed. English contemporary painting has found a number of different avenues. Some artists are following Klee and his calligraphic style, others a more geometric manner, and many are working in the imaginative, and broader variations of traditional landscape subject matter. Since so many different expressions are appearing at the same time, each man seeking after his own fashion, it is still too soon to predict the outcome, or to find any one style emerging as the predominant English note.

Through these many years the Academy stands as a too solid bulwark of English "official art." Now, as fifty, and a hundred years ago, it remains the harbor of the traditional and the society painter, and holds to the established order of things rather than the furtherance of vital, living art. Yet, encouragingly, Miss Chamot tells us that "the prestige it once held in the middle-class and provincial opinion is gradually being undermined through better understanding of the real state of the arts."

Modern Painting in England provides in its brief one hundred pages, a good deal of information on current work and its immediate background which is most useful to have at hand. The index of biographical notes on the painters mentioned is excellent reference material. A survey of this sort, done with a scholarly approach, makes an important contribution to any art library.—ALICE GRAEME.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Decorative Art, 1938, edited by C. G. Holme. The Studio Publications, New York. Price \$4.50.

Thirty-third annual issue of this handbook of exteriors, interiors, furnishings and accessories.

Francisco Ribalta and his School, by Delphine Fitz Darby. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. Price \$7.50.

First monograph on an important Spanish painter.

Giovanni di Paolo, by John Pope Hennessy. Oxford University Press, New York. Price \$7.50.

A scholarly, carefully annotated volume on a Sienese fifteenth-century painter. 32 pages of plates.

Greek Sculpture, edited by D. C. Wilkinson. Oxford University Press, New York. Price \$2.00.

A comprehensive set of plates with a brief history of Greek sculpture. An inexpensive, useful book for students.

More Color Schemes for the Modern Home, by Duncan Miller. The Studio Publications. Price \$4.50.

Excellent color photography of modern interiors. Practical information on decorating.

Narrative Pictures, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Scribner's, New York. Price \$8.50.

(Continued on page 244)

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Painting in Oils, by Bertram Nicholls. The Studio Publications. Price \$3.50.

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ACTIVITY

(Continued from page 238)

Durer Drawing Sold

ALBRECHT DURER's drawing of the arm and hand of Eve holding the apple, a study for the oil painting until recently in the Prado Museum, Madrid, has been sold by Arthur H. Harlow and Company of New York.

Dated 1507, the drawing was done with the brush and ink, heightened by white, on blue Venetian paper. It is reproduced in Lippmann's catalog of Durer's drawings and was formerly in the collections of J. Grunling and of Ritter V. Franck, drawing instructor of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. The purchaser's name was not disclosed.

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Original drawing by Albert Durer recently sold through Harlow and Company

Roofs for Forty Millions

AN AMERICAN GROUP, INC., a cooperative association of fifteen two artists, would seem to have a well developed social consciousness, for it is sponsoring a housing exhibition. Entitled *Roofs for Forty Millions*, the exhibit will be held at Rockefeller Center, New York, April 15 to May 1. From the announcement we understand that paintings, sculpture, graphic works, photographs, pictorial statistics and architectural models will be used to show conditions as they are and as they might be.

Last year the Group held the successful Waterfront Show at the New School for Social Research, New York. The American Federation of Arts is circulating an exhibition of their work throughout the country. (Continued on page 245)

LETTERS

To the Editor:

After reading Hanya Holm's paragraphs on the *Trend* that reawakened her, I felt even lower than I had before, and that had been physically about as flat as could be, for having "inadvertently" broken a leg ("Quel dommage," said a French friend, "vous avez cassé la jambe en skiant!"), I was literally both low and flat when I picked up your March issue.

Miss Holm may know what she's dancing about—although the photographs aren't at all reassuring—but obviously she has no clear conception of what she's writing about. I read her paragraphs over several times, and each time became more afflled, more annoyed.

Surely, I thought, if a thing had "organic development," it must have had some "intellectual decision" behind it; and if the resultant dance was such as to warrant the attention of and arouse an intellectual response in an audience, some intellectual activity must have been required to create it. It seems to me that one is contingent upon the other. Further, I had understood the more modern group was intellectual (mental) rather than emotional (sensual) in its appeal.

Perhaps I've applied reverse reasoning in the foregoing paragraph, but that seems to me to be the only logical method to reason in this case, whichever way we may look at it—or the only logical reason for looking at the dance!

Frankly, all this talk about *dynamic happenings*, *vital motif*, *rhythmic crystallizations*, etc., etc., seems to me exactly what has always made intelligent people look askance and with suspicion at any "art form" which has used such jargon. Any art which has not been simple enough to be in a measure self-evident has seldom been a true form of basic expression. Basic expression, indeed, hardly requires to be explained in language so abstractly abstruse that it approximates absurdity upon analysis—being abstruse has never, to me, seemed the equivalent of being profound.

From Miss Holm's remarks I could get no idea at all of what *Trend* was a trend of. From the titles of its component parts, *Trend* sounded Surrealist. *From Heaven, Limited* and *Lucre Lunacy* suggest something you might currently be given a flashlight to look for in the Galerie Beaux-Arts, Paris. Further, from its photographs, *Trend* continued to leave me baffled. Its "externalization" looked suspiciously like an undigested admixture of those raised arm groupings which Reinhardt has always overdone and those stage filled strewings of recumbent figures that Mamoulian unfortunately begat in *Gorgy*. In addition I see an amazingly free and fluent use of that spread-eagled bow-legged stance which modern dancers appear to assume in delighted defiance of ballet conventions, human anatomy and their audiences.

I wish I could find some clue in the article that would indicate just what *Trend* does portend. But I am left in the dark as to the meaning of the whole or of its component parts. I

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"*Tortillera*," by Jean Charlot, recently shown at Passedoit's, New York, in an exhibition of his water colors

have no idea what Resurgence is a resurgence of—a trend in a rebirth seems most vague, involved and unreal. But then perhaps I'm a realist, and, for a realist, the glib handling in dubious prose of such phrases as *cosmic rhythm*, *vital significance of a crystallization*, etc., can in no way provide adequate answers to questions, either universal or particular.

I can only wonder if *Trend* could in any measure have justified the expenditure of such obviously practical technical capabilities as were indicated in the other two sections of the article. And I can only wonder, too, if there will not be others (beside myself) among your readers who will recognize Miss Holm's paragraphs for what they are and call, in no uncertain terms, her "arty" bluff the phoney stuff it so undeniably is. It's this sort of stuff that's an insult to Art.

EDWARD BUCKMAN.

P.S.—I was most interested in the first installment of the letters dealing with the young Cézanne; and I'll be curious to see the two remaining installments.

ACTIVITY

(Continued from page 244)

Cézanne Portrait on the Cover

CEZANNE'S PORTRAIT of his friend, Antony Valabrégue, is reproduced on the cover this month.

M. Valabrégue was a poet, critic and art historian. He was one of the little coterie of Cézanne's associates who figure in the correspondence between two of the group, Marion and Morstatt, which has been appearing in the Magazine.

The portrait was painted about 1865 and is in the Pellerin Collection, Paris.

Mellon Election

AT A MEETING of the Trustees of the National Gallery of Art (which is to house the Mellon Collection) elections were as follows: Paul Mellon, President; David K. E. Bruce, Vice-President; Donald Shepard, Secretary and Treasurer; David E. Finley, Director of the Gallery.

SEEING THE SHOWS

(Continued from page 235)

With Gerhard Marcks this interest in pure form becomes even more marked, although in his recent work it is not emphasized to the point of sacrificing tradition. The spiritual mood of *Still Allein*, a shrouded figure of a young girl, is evidence of the fact that Marcks can retain his spiritual, emotional quality and make his work plastically moving at the same time. It was necessary for Marcks to pass through a period of semi-abstraction and distortion before he arrived at this present synthesis of form and content. As he himself has described it, his early work was merely "*Selbstgespräch*," and only now does he feel that he has found a plastic form that adequately expresses his ideas. The seated figure of a little boy clasping his knees, and entitled *Trauernder Eros*, is further evidence of Marck's ability to combine naturalism and plastic volumes with spiritual content. But for all its engaging realism and the beauty of balanced forms, the artist has invested his work with a deeper significance. It becomes a symbol for a universal truth.



"*Young Woman*" by Isabel Bishop. Exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy annual and purchased by the Academy from the Midtown Galleries, New York, for their permanent collection

The exhibition also includes examples of Marcks' engaging studies of children, for the most part studies of his own boys and girls, of which he has five. Not since Schadow's early work is realistic sculpture of such grace and poignant tenderness seen produced in Germany.

In any exhibition representing a generation of artists there always the temptation to generalize and to find a leit motif, some common denominator that joins them together. The use of the human figure to express universal ideas and emotions—Love, Sorrow, Heroism, etc.,—is a constant characteristic. But what is more significant is that the younger artists have heard anew what the Gothic masters knew instinctively—that in order to become a symbol, sculpture must divorce itself from realism.—HELEN APPLETON READ.

TWO CHICAGO SHOWS

FRANCIS CHAPIN AT THE ROULLIER GALLERIES

HERE IS a show of lithographs at Roullier's in Chicago now one of the best lithographers in America. Francis Chapin does not use the American scene as some of his fellows do to make genre illustration. He uses it to bring out the neglected powers of the lithograph. The line of his lithographic pencil makes detail fine as a pin scratch, instead of overloading with description. His warm blacks could only be gotten with brush work on the stone; and the silver lights he brings up with the chalk are fine as Kuniyoshi's. Chapin loves to enclose a light area in a dark one. A party on a screened porch, with a lighted lamp in the rearground and the medium lighted figures framed by the dull roof and walls, shows far more range and variety than a drawing could do.

Behind the lithographer of course there is the artist in his way of seeing. And under his casual subjects Chapin is a formalist. The wheel-curve of a bridge and the curved recession of a road will make a severe composition of a bit of our view. These static scenes are best. The excitement is all formal, like the apple-roundness of his children's heads, squares echoing from the unfulfilled square of a hat and brim, the strong structure under what looks like genre.

(Continued on page 248)

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Announcement

OF THE CHANGE IN THE DATE OF PUBLICATION OF THE

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To make the Art Annual of even greater service to its users, the date of publication has been changed.

Instead of appearing in February, it will now be issued in the fall, *at the beginning of the new art season*.

Volume 34, covering the entire year 1937 and seven months of 1938, will be ready for distribution on or about October

31. Subscriptions are now being entered, and will be filled in order of receipt. \$7 the copy; \$5.50 to Federation Members and libraries, including postage in the United States.

Note: Of Volume 33, the current edition, there are a few copies left. If you want a copy to keep your file consecutive, or for immediate reference purposes, we would suggest that you order now. The price is the same as for Volume 34, listed above.

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Then Chapin is more than the quiet conservative he likes to show. And the red water color *Nude* with its blue accents brings this out. In the arabesque of legs and torso he penetrates the object. More surprising, it shows him to distort expressionistically, a suggestion which the head carries on. While still young as an artist Chapin has become a master of his medium. If he can exaggerate, out of his old-world manner, he may become a master of much more than that.

—J. & M. THWAITES.

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CARLOS MERIDA AT THE KATHARINE KUH GALLERY
ONE KNOWS that Carlos Merida was in the beginning modern art in Mexico. Born in Quetzaltenango of Maya blood in 1893, before twenty he was in Paris with Modigliani and the young Picasso. Back in Guatemala at the war, he conceived of an Indo-American art, made from the daily life of the peoples of the south. Rivera was then a Cubist while Orozco a cartoonist and Siqueiros studying in Spain. In 1922 Merida exhibited in Mexico. Next year the group was formed the Revolutionary Syndicate. Writing of his painting in those years Anita Brenner said "By sheer spectroscopic calculation a kind of color-geometry, he makes a three-dimensional image of two-dimensional materials, avoiding the illusions of chiaroscuro and baroque. . . . He renders the beauties he perceives in abstract and monumental plastic concept."



Francis Chapin: "Nude," water color from the Chicago exhibition of drawings, prints and water colors at the Roullier Gallerie

In the middle twenties the Syndicate was broken and Mexico was turning to the academism of Rivera. Merida left for Europe. You can see the thing he was next working to in the water color *Nudes* (1934). Square-headed figures, anthropomorphic shapes are roughed on in reds, blue-greys. The bounding lines spring out to interlock in planes. It is more abstract, much more monumental than before and full of the sense of Mayan art. But the objective vision of the ear-

intings has gone. The dominating rhythm of the line seems to produce the images and producing them, to express the ambiguity of all form to the subjective mind. Mayan influence is not inconsistent with Surrealism.

Nor is it inconsistent with a way of seeing that is the way Klee. *Landscape of the Mexican Plateau* (1934) is both a mender of Klee and of how much Klee took from aboriginal America. A scarlet diagonal, dog-toothed, hangs on a triple curve of blue. Below in pale brown are a vertical and counter-diagonal, a rounded scarlet cone and a double-pointed block. The imagery is neither representational nor abstract but conceptual, symbols for hills and trees and maguey, for height, earth and the sky. The water colors of 1935-37 here radiate from these points. Some, like *Loneliness*, are Surrealist; some, like *Astronomy* and *Marine Landscape*, are conceptual, delicate and contemplative. *Earth Brightness* (1937) is an abstraction in the line of Miro.

Île Joyeuse (1937) is perhaps the most successful of the oils. There is a strange aspiration in the mast and spiral of the central element. And the whole picture is filled with radiances, grey-blue brightness falling from above to mix with a pale green rising from the central forms. The picture has an exotic lassiness, a music of the south. *Bird of Paradise*, *Spy* and others are in the same manner. The beautiful *Narrow Door* is more literary Surrealism, as are the *Recollections of Childhood*. Now, as twenty years ago, Merida is what Anita Brenner called him, the perfect bridge from Europe to Latin America. And now as then he is a jump ahead of everyone.

—J. & M. THWAITES.

CEZANNE CORRESPONDENCE FOOT NOTES

to the article appearing on pages 220-225.

Ambroise Vollard: *Paul Cézanne*, Paris, 1924, p. 34.

Venturi in his *Catalogue raisonné* of Cézanne's work lists three portraits of Valabregue: No. 126, now in the J. V. Pellerin Collection, which dates circa 1868; No. 127 which has often been considered a portrait of Marion, and which is plausibly somewhat later, perhaps 1870 or 1871; No. 128, dated by Venturi 1870. For the following reasons the author believes the Pellerin picture (No. 126) to be the portrait mentioned by Valabregue as transcribed in Marion's letter: it is a large and important work (116 x 98 cm.) and therefore more worthy of controversy; unlike most of Cézanne's paintings of this time it is signed, suggesting that the artist himself regarded it highly; and its heavy palette knife technique is consistent with the years 1865-66.

Emile Zola: *Correspondence, 1858-1871*, Paris, 1928, p. 283.

Zola, *op. cit.* p. 299 f. "My Salon" refers to his articles.

Zola, in a letter of May, 1867 (*op. cit.* p. 303): "M. Manet is going to have a one-man show alongside the Courbet exhibition. . . It is certain to have enormous publicity, as much as Courbet had in 1853."

Vollard, *op. cit.* p. 29, implies that Cézanne met Manet about 1863. Valabregue's letter to Marion here quoted suggests that the meeting probably did not occur until 1866.

This visit of Guillemet to Aix is described in a letter of Cézanne to a recently published in the quarterly *Verve*, September, 1937, pp. 109, 110. The letter written in October, 1866, contains an entertaining and ink sketch of Valabregue (in a stove pipe hat!) and Marion "laving for the motif," that is setting out to paint landscape. One passage in this letter confirms Cézanne's ennui: "I am rather bored, work occupies me but little. I languish less if I am with someone. The people I see are Valabregue, Marion and now Guillemet."

From a letter to his mother written from Paris, September 26, 1874, cited by Mack, *Paul Cézanne*, New York, 1935, page 199.

Among the tiers of panoramic landscapes and anecdotic genre pieces in the American section were two paintings which Marion might have seen had he been less casual; these were: *The Bright Side* and *Prisoners in the Front* by Winslow Homer.

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SCULPTURE AND LANDSCAPE DESIGN

(Continued from page 208)

I do not mean to imply that the more extreme sculptural abstractions are the only, or even the best, forms for landscape use. Their appreciation requires a high degree of sophistication and initiation, and the average person may well and justifiably require greater emphasis on human or natural origin. But I do wish to emphasize that with a greater abstraction in form sculpture approaches closer to the spirit of landscape design and that conceptions such as the above-mentioned swimming pool islands provide a common meeting ground. But landscape design will have to climb a long way upward on the road to purer esthetic conception before

it can enter that common meeting ground. From the sculptor as from every other artist, the landscape designer has great lessons to learn. He has yet to rise above his rather questionable origin in obscure relations between architecture, horticulture, engineering and nature-worship. Only by shaking off the biases and prejudices inherited from his ancestry can the landscape designer begin to produce a form of expression that is clear, forceful and direct.

"A PARADISE FOR ARTISTS"

(Continued from page 201)

I knew this sad fact!—the conservatories turn out, every June, scores of capable musicians. Many of them are more than capable—gifted concert artists. Proudly, diploma in hand, they walk out the conservatory door—to starvation, or at best, to a life of uncertain fees from private pupils. Where as, in Soviet Russia, the demand for musicians far exceeds the supply; from the Baltic Sea to Uzbekistan, the country clamors for teachers and concert artists.

Observing these things, I was enthusiastic. Let the state everywhere take charge of art—I wrote home—and artists will everywhere be happy! No worrying about gate receipts and on the concert program, no caramels for flabby palates. Theoretically, it was all perfect. Theoretically, plans clicked like the time clock at a factory. I told Emily so. "Soviet Russia," said I to Emily one afternoon walking home from the river in that Moscow dusk which is the most romantic dusk on earth, "Soviet Russia is a paradise for artists."

Emily smiled, and seeing that smile, doubt again assailed me. What had music to do with a smile like that, a smile that held so much of cunning and so much of confidence? I remembered the flaming red-and-white slogans on the walls of the Conservatory; often Emily had paused to translate them for me: "Long life and prosperity to all culture in the nations of the U.S.S.R.!" and "Greetings to our workers in science, art and literature, who strengthen the technique and culture of our own Socialist land!"

I had smiled when Emily declaimed thus; I had smiled when an American student at the Conservatory told me he was required to take a course in Soviet politics along with his theory and instrumental work. "What does it matter?" I had asked him. "If I could be enrolled as violin student in the best conservatory in the world" (and I believe the Moscow Conservatory to be the best)—"I'd take a course in frying fish if they wanted me to."

PRETTY FUNNY, I had thought myself to be. Sophisticated, too worldly to take seriously the naive slogans of a government of peasants.... There was a mist over the city now, as Emily and I left the river and turned to the right, up the slow hill along the Kremlin wall. Emily was talking. "In a Socialist State," she was saying in that quiet, assured voice I had come to know so well, "music is not merely an amusement. Music

a meaning. Our government knows this. Comrade Stalin is not a musician, but he knows what music can do. By hearing the best music at certain stated times, our people—”

Music has a meaning.

How stupid I had been, all these weeks. This music that I told myself sprang from the soil, inexhaustible, rich and right—why, it didn't spring from the soil at all! It sprang from the Kremlin, from a meeting of committees around a table. Here, a government used music as it used the red flag in both cases with overwhelming success. Those radios loose Chopin into the streets—that was to work up a proper holiday spirit for the May Day Socialist celebrations. Those black-and-white slogans along the Conservatory corridors—they were no pleasantries, to wring smiles from the sophisticated. This was all done in deadly, grim earnest, *and it worked!* In this country, music was not solace for the weary, comfort for the sad. Music, here, meant performance; it meant something immediate and spectacular, something that would respond to the obvious glory of the Socialist State. Russia had won the Warsaw Chopin Contest, the Brussels Violin Contest. Larger and better concerts—it was the star system all over again, but from a different angle!

But what about musical composition? From 1870 to 1914 Russian music led the world. Late in the nineteenth century, Russian music had found itself, had flowered suddenly into astounding richness. And in the last twenty years, what had Russia accomplished for musical literature? All these *Hymns to Lenin* and *Hymns to Stalin* and *Songs of Thanksgiving for our Glorious Revolution* that I had heard played and sung at concert after concert. Musically they had been terrible, and the audience knew it; after these outbursts I often caught my neighbors looking at me with embarrassed little smiles and head shakings. That same revolutionary theme, which lends itself so beautifully to theatrical drama, is impossible as musical material; music balks at it—*musicians balk at it*. All very well to write music to order, I told myself argumentatively, as Emily and I paused at a street crossing. Some of the best music in the world had been written to order—in that most abstract of all forms of music, the string quartet. But Haydn, for instance, had not been required to make music serve any purpose other than that essential purpose of all music—to sound well.

Emily was still talking; she had hold of my arm, probably to keep me from being killed by traffic. I had been surprised to learn, at the care Emily took of my life and limb, until Moscow friends told me Intourist guides forfeited their jobs if a tourist lost a leg in traffic. . . . “In capitalistic countries,” Emily's inexorable voice went on, “the aim of music is only amusement. Amusement is the bourgeois goal, in art as in . . .”

Sebastian Bach, writing the Mass in B Minor to amuse the world! Oh, what had this country done to me, that I permitted such arguments to go round thus drearily in my head? How ridiculous these banners and slogans, pounding forever at one

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—these busts and pictures staring from every wall! Stalin, bouquet of roses on one arm, a child on the other. . . .

"My cousin is an artist," Emily was saying. "Turn now the right, or we shall be trampled by crowds from the subway. . . . My cousin is a concert violinist. She earns every month three thousand rubles and she is very happy. She knows she is serving the state."

Serving the state! When *Lady Macbeth of Minsk* was playing at the Bolshoi, Stalin got up and left the theatre, and Shoskakovich, the composer, said a temporary goodbye to fame. Stalin didn't like *Lady Macbeth*; rumor said he had called the opera bourgeois in its point of view. But the country we were living in wasn't ruthless, imperialistic France —this was 1937; this was Moscow. Rachmaninoff was in voluntary exile from Moscow. So were Medtner and Stravinsky and Chaliapin.

By what standards, then, was music to be judged? By its value to the state, to social progress? Was music never again to be judged by its own standards—by the sound of it? Never by the sound of it, Oh, please heaven, by the very sound?

"A paradise for artists," Emily was saying —

GERICAULT'S RIDERLESS RACER

(Continued from page 213)

him "Rubens' pastry-cook." In Gros' magnificent epics of Napoleon, he found not only his ideal technique—"Mettez laissez," said Gros to his pupils—but a spiritual concept of life strangely akin to his own. Both men were moved to the greatest efforts by the drama of contemporary life. Both worshipped the heroic. In both the sense of fundamental tragedy deepened as they grew older. Géricault, in the shadow of Napoleon's fall, found his subjects less in the panorama of war and more in the commonplace, in the beauty of horses and the suffering of the poor and soon-forgotten.

In 1812, when he was twenty-one, Géricault chose for his first salon picture a theme that might have passed unnoticed in a Gros—a cavalry officer with bared sabre leading a charge on his rearing horse. Even in this rough early work we feel the impact of Géricault. The sculptural form, sublimely illumined in warm color, arrested in the dramatic moment which is pregnant of both the past and the future, seems an emotion made tangible. This picture brought him fame and a medal. His next in 1814 was too hastily executed and brought him blame. Nobody bought either of them. Son of wealthy parents, he needed not the money, but the true praise that only purchase brings. There were no commissions. His genius was unrecognized except by a few painters.

With one of his rash decisions, as unpredictable as lightning, he enlisted in the King's Musketeers. The Hundred Days found him at his post. Loyally he followed his King to Bethune, and then had to return to Paris disguised as a cartenter, much to the amusement of his friends.

In 1816 life as either artist or soldier seemed empty. He fel-

love with a married woman of eminent position. She was attached to him; he was much allied with the husband. In 1879 his faithful biographer, Charles Clement, wrote to a friend, "He [Géricault] was overwhelmed with remorse. . . . His ends, in confiding to me this key to the despondency into which he fell in his last years, have made me promise to keep his name a secret. . . . I may add that this woman was worthy of the affection of this good and great heart. She was never soothed for his death. She gathered in her bed-chamber all the relics—sketches, water colors—that she had of him, and allowed no stranger to penetrate there—to such an extent that despite all my efforts I have not been able to see these works . . ."

The storm of this love cast a shadow over the rest of Géricault's life. It drove him to Italy. Perhaps by flight and absence this passion might be conquered. He went alone, determined to stay two years.

Restless, he could stay in Florence only a month. He hurried on to Rome. He had no sooner arrived than he ran to the Sistine Chapel, known to him till then only through engravings. He was stunned, awed, and overwhelmed by the terrible grandeur of Michelangelo. Bitterly lonely—although with his letters of introduction and his extraordinary personal charm he was well received—tormented by memories, and now humbled as an artist, he implored his friends for news—and they could not answer their letters. In this mood he went to the Carnival and beheld the barbaric spectacle of the wild horse race.

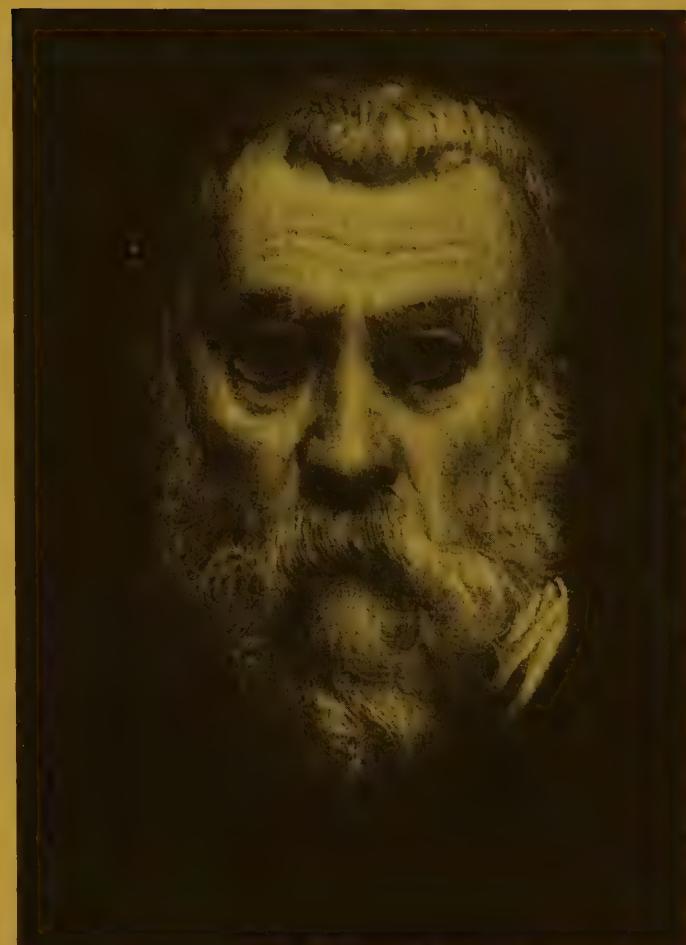
Géricault composed with difficulty. He had to turn his subject before his mind, seeing it in every phase, searching for the symbolic moment expressed in the perfect combination of line and form. Beginning a drawing, he was seized with a slightly different conception. He traced the best lines of the first and made another drawing. A new idea suggested itself—fresh tracing, another drawing, then a trial in oils, water color, or chiaroscuro washes. If, out of the jealous portfolios, attics and ashes, we could collect all the sketches made for the Barberi, we should have a cinematic picture of the growth of his creation in his mind.

First, the scene as he saw it. A lively impression in oil, hasty, and full of academic discrepancies, but fresh and vigorous. This is pure genre. The composition is awkwardly cleft in half by the oblique lines of rope and stands.

He isolates the figures grappling with the horse in the foreground. He turns them this way and that. The men may be mere muscular curves; the horses are always instinct with life.

The frieze of the Parthenon seems to pass before us. The Horses of Marly rear again. Classic drapery floats here and there. The lines, driven by a dynamic force create sculptural volume in a single stroke of the pen.

He imagines the capture of the horses on the Campagna. On tiny canvas he conjures up a vast landscape full of air and sun. A noble horse struggles to escape the Greek youths that pursue him; two seize his head and mane, two more, running



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lightly, grasp his tail. The illumination is superb. The brush strokes are set with such rapid and sure solidity that they seem almost mosaic. What if the legs of the youth behind appear in anatomically impossible positions? There is great beauty here, but it did not satisfy Géricault, with his head full of the Last Judgment.

He tries another version of the capture, this time the end of the race. A spirited drawing, but scattered and rather empty in the center. He returns to the start. In a series of magnificent drawings he sets before us the elemental struggle of horse against man, naked, brutal, splendid.

Slowly he evolves two groups: one, pyramidal, of a man braced back against a rearing horse; one rectangular, of a running horse pursued. He makes many variations on this theme. In some, Michelangelic figures of men thrown down in the combat appear under the trampling hooves. To the left of the central pyramid he places in reverse the classic youth and horse of the Campagna picture. But what shall cement his two foreground motifs? His small distant figures weaken it. From the background he suddenly seizes the perfect key-stone: a rearing horse with head thrown back to escape a man with a cudgel.

He makes studies from life for his two principal human figures. Yet in the final sketch their individuality has disappeared. They have become mighty athletes stripped to the waist, their motion accentuated by breeches.

Rome has receded to a great temple and a distant hill, the Carnival to a mere fringe of mob atop a wall. Deeply sculptured in brilliant sunlight and huge shadows, the shining horses rear and plunge. Running among them in clouds of dust, strong men catch, hold, subdue them. Against a sunlit wall flying heads and manes make a wild pattern.

The painting was begun. Suddenly his father called him home. Géricault, nothing loath, departed with such alacrity that he left some of his work behind, and packed the sketches he took with him so hastily that they were all stuck together. The abandoned canvas has disappeared.

Only from these fragments can we reconstruct his thought. It is symbolic of Géricault's unfinished life. In not one of his beautiful lithographs, water colors, drawings, oils—not even in his one large finished painting, the *Raft of the Medusa* can we find all of Géricault. But, contemplating these fragments, our imagination soars. His genius shows itself powerful and glorious. His influence on Delacroix and the painters of the nineteenth century was profound.

In 1824, when he lay dying—and with strange irony it was a fall from a horse that hastened his final illness—he could endure the agonies of the tumors that decayed his spine with great courage; in those days of no anesthesia, he had a mirror set up so that he could watch the doctors operating on his back and planned a picture of them while they worked. But of his real despair a faithful friend has preserved for us one terrible cry, "If I had only painted five pictures! But I have done nothing,—absolutely nothing!"

APRIL EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 256)

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Smith College Museum of Art: Paintings by Franklin Watkins; April 10-25. Paintings & Drawings by Cyrus Stimson, Jr.; April 25-May 1.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Art Club: Paintings by The Ten; to April 9.

Pennsylvania Museum of Art: Benjamin West Bicentenary; to April 1 Renoir: Later Phases; April 16-June 20.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Swedish Tercentenary. Salon of Photographic Art; to April 17.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Association: Water Colors from San Francisco Bay Region; to April 18. Modern French & German Paintings; April 20-May 1.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: 1st Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Paintings; to April 24.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Memorial Art Gallery: Cleveland Water Colors. 6th International Exhibition Lithography & Wood Engraving. Paintings by Waldo Peirce; Sculpture & Drawings by Wm. Ehrich; to April 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

San Francisco Museum of Art: 58th Annual Exhibition San Francisco Art Association; to May 2. Paintings by Farwell Taylor; to April 1 Prehistoric Rock Pictures; April 22-May 14.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Seattle Art Museum: Persian Exhibition. American Drawings. Paintings by Louise Gilbert. English Gothic Rubbings. Murals by Jacob Elshin Prints by Daumier; April 6-May 1.

STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

College Art Gallery: Paintings by H. Fletcher; April 1-15. Photographs by F. & J. Craighead; April 15-25. British Architecture of Today April 25-30.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum of Art: Oils, Water Colors & Prints from Toledo Collections; April 3-24.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield Museum of Fine Arts: Work by Henshaw; April 19-May 1. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Gallery of Art: Drawings by Wm. J. Glackens; to April 1. Drawings by Isabel Bishop; to April 17. Drawings by Henry L. McFee; April 12-May 1. Small oils by Oke Nordgren; April 19-May 2.

**Phillips Memorial Gallery:* Work by Picasso & John Marin; from April 6. Drawings by Boardman Robinson.

Studio House: Work by John Gernand & Alida Conover; to April 7. U. S. National Museum: Prints by L. R. Pescheret; to April 24.

Washington Gallery of the Museum of Modern Art: Flower & Fruit Paintings; to April 24.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Work of Youngstown High School Students. Chinese Wood Block Prints.

NOTE

* The number of inquiries received at the Phillips Gallery indicate that there are still a great many people who think of it as a private collection.

We have been asked to announce that the Gallery is open to the public without admission fee from October to June. The hours are from 11 to 6 daily; 2 to 6 Sundays and holidays.

CORRECTION

Cav. P. Fiorentini of Venice, Italy, whose superb photographs of the Tintoretto crucifixion appear in this number also did the photography for the Tintoretto portfolio in the August issue. We would like to take this opportunity to give Signor Fiorentini the credit he deserves, since the courtesy was omitted through an oversight at the time.

DFew books are published which are as likely to give you as much sheer pleasure and satisfaction as this one.

The Leadership of Giorgione

By DUNCAN PHILLIPS—*Noted Critic, Collector, Author*
WITH A NOTE BY H. G. DWIGHT

IF WE WERE to tell you how delightful, beautiful and interesting "The Leadership of Giorgione" is, you would probably think we were overstating the case. So we let a few of the outstanding connoisseurs and critics, who have reviewed the book impartially, speak for us:

Comments from Critics

BERNHARD BERENSON in a letter:

. . . You present the public with a Giorgione as satisfying as any likely to be done with the material in hand. . . . The more I use your book the more I like it.

FREDERIC M. CLAPP, *Director of the Frick Collection, in a letter:*

You approach the rare achievement of Giorgione not only as eye and mind but as an emotional resonance, registering what others less in tune would miss.

OSKAR HAGEN in *Magazine of Art*:

The Leadership of Giorgione by Duncan Phillips is not just another game of attributions. Rather it may be described as a successful attempt to make Giorgione, the man and his work, into a living, organic reality. . . . Out of his personal

intuition which is an artist's intuition, Mr. Phillips has re-created, for scholarly specialists no less than for general readers, an intensely plastic picture of "the lyrical founder of abstract romanticism."

I was most pleasantly touched by the complete absence from this noble piece of writing of any cocksure doctrinaireism. . . . It should be added that the book is a work of art also as regards press work and plates.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ, *New York Tribune*:

Mr. Phillips' Giorgione is essentially the expression of an ardent connoisseur with a special thesis to support. "It was Giorgione's destiny to make a unique esthetic contribution"—that of the innovator immediately influential and an ever living influence. This study is written by one whose enthusiasm wakens the warmest sympathy. . . . I come back to the author's felicitous phrase "Giorgione invented the painted lyric." The problem (of attributions) is made singularly fresh and exciting.

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APRIL EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Paintings, Drawings & Prints by John Sloan; April 2-May 18.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Cayuga Museum: Western New York Artists Exhibition. Early American Ironwork, Modern Paintings & Reproductions.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: Guatemala Textiles, American Arts & Crafts; April 8-30.

Walters Art Gallery: Court & Hunting Swords & Daggers; to April 5. Tapestries & Watches, 16th to 19th Centuries.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Japanese Landscape & Figure Screens; April 5-May 22.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Child Art of the American Indian. Drawings & Sculpture by Gaston Lachaise.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Photography; to April 16. 2nd National Print Show & Contemporary Swedish Prints; April 21-May 22.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Germanic Museum: Contemporary German Sculpture.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Art Institute: 42nd Exhibition Artists of Chicago & Vicinity; to April 17.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: Work by Cincinnati Artists; to April 17. 45th Annual Exhibition of American Art; April 27-May 29. Prints & Drawings by Derain, Matisse & Picasso; to April 10. Work of Cincinnati Artists; to April 17. Development of American Painting; to April 12.

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Pomona College: Industrial Design by Harold Graham; April 9-23.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: Little Masters—German & Dutch; to April 24. Modern Architecture in England; to April 17.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center: Work by Peppino Mangravite; to April 15.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts: 9th Annual Dallas Allied Arts; to April 17.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Paintings by Vlaminck.

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver Art Museum: English Constructive Art; April 1-15. Rocky Mountain National Salon of Photography; April 16-30. Water Colors by Gina Knee.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Detroit Institute of Arts: American Painting—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois & Wisconsin.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Neville Public Museum: Green Bay Art Colony Show; to April 10. Belgian Exhibition. Garvan Collection of Old Silver; to May 12.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Independent Painters.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Public School Art of Kansas City; April 3-24.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: One-Man Shows by Waldo Peirce, Frederic Taubes, Sidney Laufman & Jon Corbino.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Museum: 19th Annual Painters & Sculptors Exhibition; April 15-June 12.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Art Gallery: Water Colors & Oils by Elinor Ulman & J. F. Kamper; April 10-24.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Art Institute: 25th Exhibition of Wisconsin Art; April 5-30.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Paintings by Alex Iacovleff; April 15-May 15. Work by Minneapolis School Children; April 9-30. Paintings by Glen Mitchell.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Museum: Paintings by New England Artists; April 3-21. Water Colors by Arthur B. Davies; April 3-24.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Ward-Belmont College: Southern Printmakers; April 2-16.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Newark Museum: Architectural Exhibit.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Isaac Delgado Museum: Mayan Exhibition, Tulane University Department of Middle American Research; April 6-27.

NEW YORK CITY

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Water Colors by Eliot O'Hara. Paintings by Viola Wrigley; April 4-16. Paintings by Curtis Gandy, Jr., Lilla Tuckerman. Water Colors by L. N. Wilbur; April 18-30.

Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Ben Benn; April 5-18.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: New Oils by Raoul Dufy; to April 9.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Sculpture by Contemporary Americans.

Buchholz Gallery, 3 W. 46 St.: Oils & Water Colors by Paul Klee; to April 16.

Comet Art Gallery, 10 E. 52 St.: Contemporary Italians.

Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Sarah Baker; to April 9.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13 St.: Work by Preston Dickinson.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Cézanne; to April 16.

East River Gallery, 358 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Loren MacIver; to April 16.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Recent Works by William Yarrow, Phil Dike; to April 10.

Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Sculpture by Cornelia Van A. Chapin; April 4-16. Water Colors by Winthrop Turney; April 10-30.

Fine Arts Building, 115 W. 57 St.: 52nd Annual Exhibition Architectural League; April 19-May 13.

Grand Central Galleries, Inc., 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Garden Sculpture & Etchings by American Artists; April 5-30.

Grant Studios, 175 Macdougal St.: Prints & Water Colors by H. Taskey & I. McMeen. Oils by 10 Artists; April 4-18. Paintings by Mordi Gassner, Albers, Bower, Avey & Rappleye; April 23-May 9.

Marie Harriman Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Paintings by George Picken; to April 17. Paintings by Thomas Donnelly; from April 18.

Kraushaar Gallery, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Louis Bouché; April 4-23. Paintings by Randall Davey; April 26-May 14.

Julien Levy Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Constructions in Space by Gabo; April 5-May 1.

Lillienfeld Galleries, Inc., 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt; to April 16.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Jon Corbino; to April 11.

Pierre Matisse Gallery, 51 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Balthus; to April 16.

Guy Mayer Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Prints by Marius Bauer; April 11-30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5th Ave. & 82 St.: Paintings by Walter Gay; to April 9. Tiepolo & Contemporaries; to April 24. Early Pattern Books, Lace, Embroidery & Textiles; to May 1.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Sculpture by Arline Wingate; to April 10. Oils by Frederic Taubes; April 11-30.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Water Colors by John Whorf; April 4-23.

Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Paintings of American Families by Revington Arthur; April 11-23.

Morton Galleries; 130 W. 57 St.: Oils & Water Colors by Frank Wallis; April 11-23.

Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67 St.: Oils & Water Colors by New York Artists; to April 18.

Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49 St.: Modern Furniture by Alvar Aalto; to April 7. Modern Primitives; April 20-May 30.

National Academy of Design, 215 W. 57 St.: 113th Annual Exhibition; to April 13.

Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Edwin Dickinson; April 11-30.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Modern Primitives of Paris; to April 30.

Reinhardt Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by Henriette Wyeth; to April 16. Paintings by Vincenzo Colucci; April 4-22.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E. 57 St.: Landscapes by Constance Richardson; to April 15.

Arnold Seligmann, Rey & Co., Inc., 11 E. 52 St.: Paintings by Alfred de Dreux & French Contemporaries.

Marie Sternier Gallery, 9 E. 57 St.: Paintings by John T. Baldwin; to April 9. Photographs by Natalie Hammond & Alice Laughlin; April 11-25.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by M. S. Clinedinst, G. Wright; April 4-16. Paintings by L. K. Holden, A. K. D. Healy; April 18-30.

Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, 460 Park Ave.: Paintings by Max Jacob; April 4-30.

Tricker Galleries, 19 W. 57 St.: Sculpture by Robert Davidson. Water Colors by Harry Leith Ross; to April 9. Paintings by Frank Horowitz, the Chaffees; April 11-23.

Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave.: "Flower Show"; April 11-30.

Valentine Gallery, 16 E. 57 St.: Drawings by Pascin; to April 9. Milton Avery; April 11-30.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Ceramics by Russell B. Aitken. Paintings by Mabel H. La Farge.

Hudson Walker Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Photographs by Berenice Abbott; April 4-30.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors & Prints; to April 10. Frank Duveneck; April 13-May 15.

Yamanaka & Co., Inc., 680 5th Ave.: Chinese Art Treasures Ming & Ching Dynasties; to April 9.

(Continued on page 254)

Can You Answer

These questions? Test yourself on them. They

are selected as typical of those for which

people actively interested in art need depend-

able answers:

1. In what collections is John Sloan represented?

2. With what organization is Ernest Peixotto now associated, and what is his background?

3. Robert B. Harshe was a creative artist, as well as Director of the Art Institute of Chicago. Are some of his pictures located in foreign museums?

4. What state has the greatest number of practicing craftsmen?

5. If you wanted to write to Jane Peterson, would you know where to write, and what her married name is?

6. Anna Hyatt Huntington is considered one of America's leading sculptors. Can you name three of her most important works, and tell where they are?

7. Frederick Frieseke is a noted painter. With whom did he study?

8. Do you know in what art Joseph G. Reynolds, Jr., is engaged, and with whom he is associated?

9. Among other things, the Government's art projects have focused unusual art interest on Washington. Are the number of artists in the Nation's Capital increasing?

10. Dale Nichols' paintings were recently shown in a New York gallery. Is he better known as a painter, or as a designer?

THE ANSWERS:

To find the answers to these, and other questions about America's professional living artists, turn to new Volume II of Who's Who in American Art just published. Who's Who is not duplicated, and as you can see, is indispensable to you if you want accurate, useful information on questions of such daily interest as these. \$8 the copy (\$6 to Federation Members). Published biennially by The American Federation of Arts, 801 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

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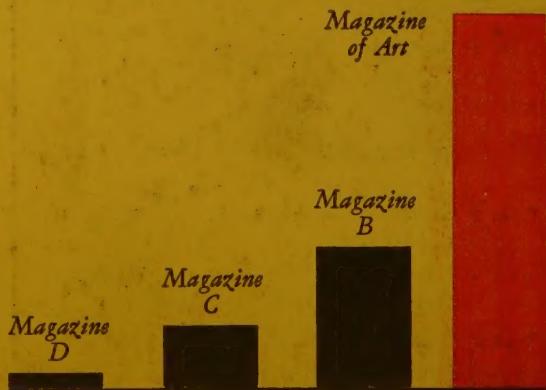
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